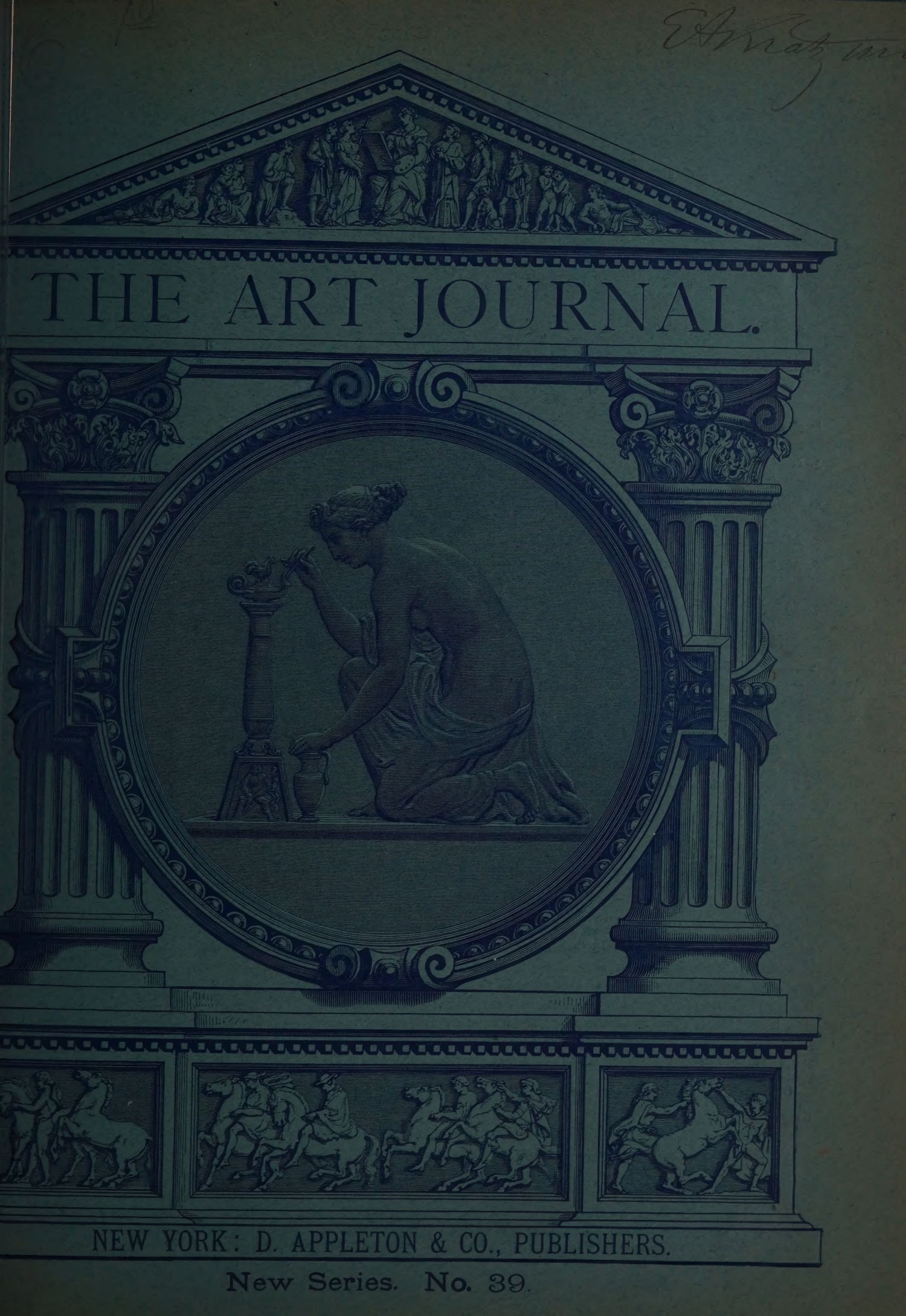


W. H. M. M.



THE ART JOURNAL.

NEW YORK: D. APPLETON & CO., PUBLISHERS.

New Series. No. 39.

MARCH, 1878.

THE ART JOURNAL.—CONTENTS No. 39.

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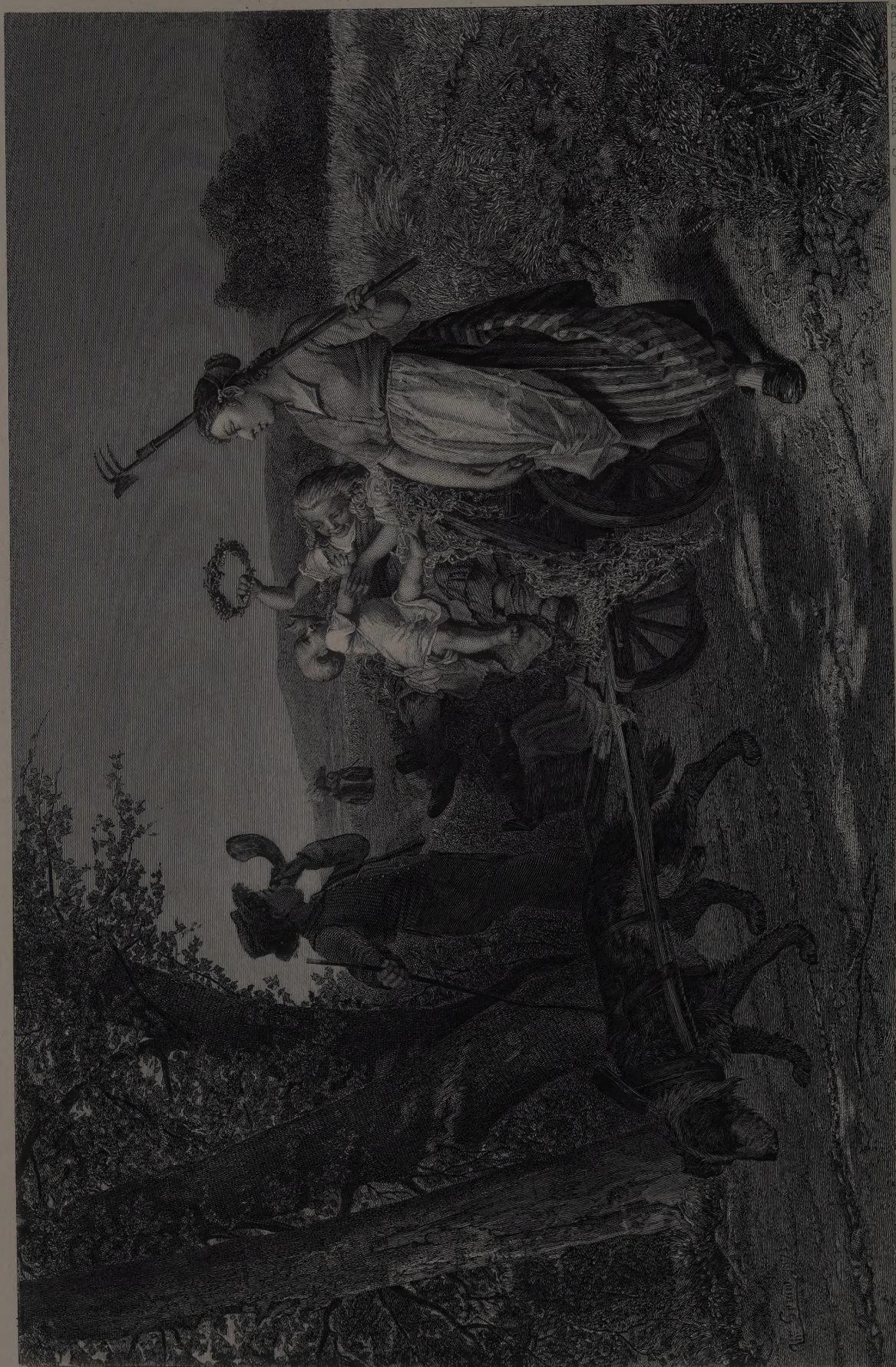
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PUBLISHED MONTHLY. SOLD ONLY BY SUBSCRIPTION.

PRICE, 75 CENTS PER NUMBER, PAYABLE ON DELIVERY BY THE CARRIER.

D. APPLETON & CO., Publishers, 549 & 551 Broadway, New York.

AGENCIES: 22 Hawley St., Boston; 922 Chestnut St., Philadelphia; 22 Post-Office Avenue, Baltimore; 54 Ninth St., Pittsburg; 100 State St., Albany; 100 State St., Rochester; 61 Washington St., Chicago; 320½ North 3d St., St. Louis; 20 St. Charles St., New Orleans; 230 Sutter St., San Francisco.



G. C. FINDEN, SCULPTOR

TH. GERRARD, PINX.

RETURNING HOME.



AMERICAN PAINTERS.—FREDERICK EDWIN CHURCH, N. A.

AMERICAN landscape Art owes a large share of its distinction to the productions of Mr. F. E. Church; his 'Heart of the Andes,' 'Niagara,' and others of his works, are famous the world over. This great reputation has been won by great genius, united to resolute purpose and tireless industry. In the pursuit of his art he has visited every zone and clime from the frozen north to the heart of the tropics, beginning on the Western Continent, and ending

with rambles through Greece and Palestine. Few artists have been more zealous in studying the varied aspects of Nature, few are possessed of the enthusiasm which has upheld him in his frequent pilgrimages to her shrine.

FREDERICK EDWIN CHURCH was born in Hartford, Connecticut, in 1826. At an early age he manifested a love for Art. His talent found encouragement in the companionship of the late sculptor, Bartholomew, who was at that time struggling to obtain an Art-education in his native city. The pathways of these young



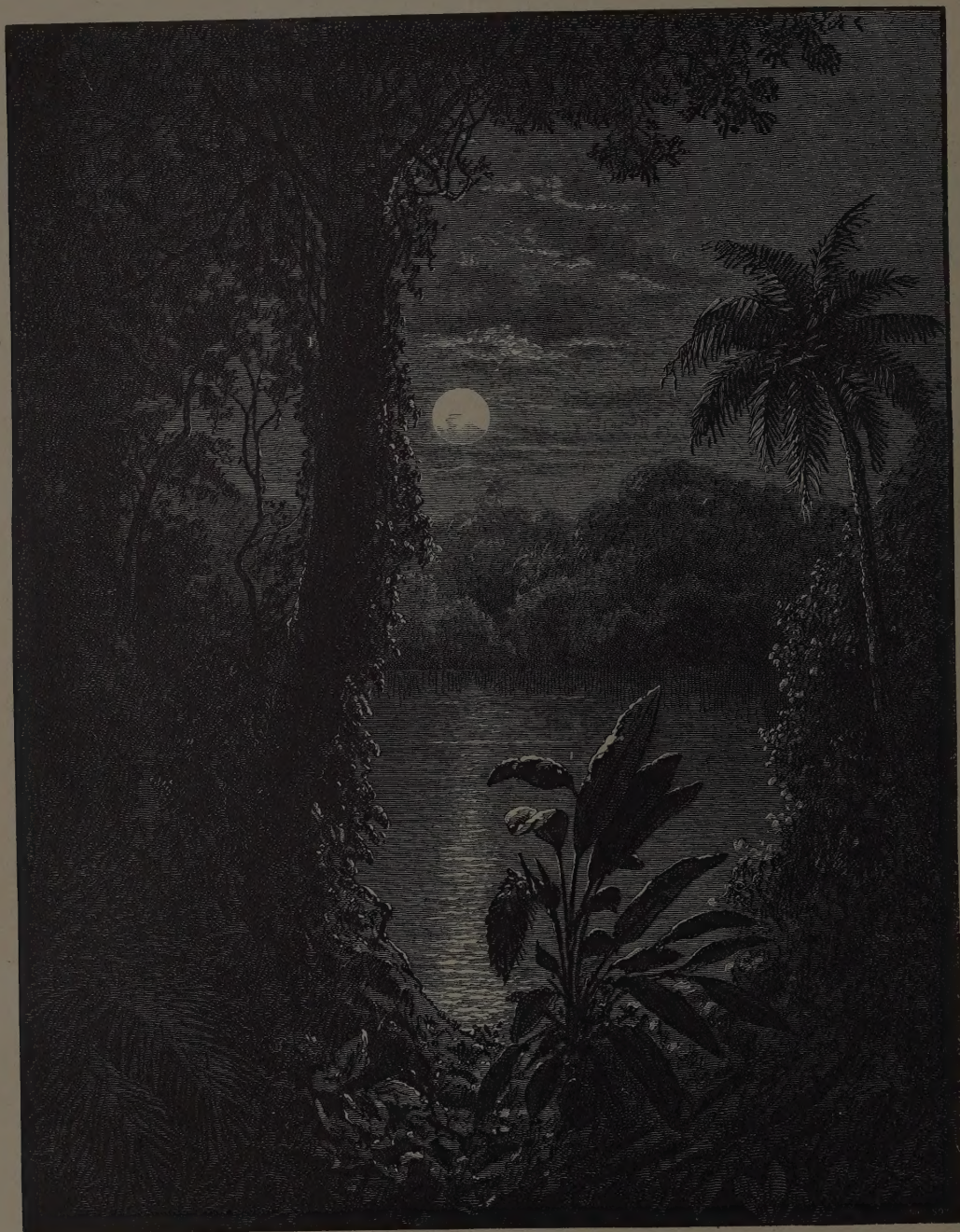
The Parthenon. From a Painting by Frederick E. Church, N. A.

aspirants for artistic honours soon diverged, and young Church, after some preliminary study, became a pupil of Thomas Cole, and thereafter made Catskill his home. In the Catskill region, among its mountain-peaks and stony ravines, Cole first became inspired with a love for landscape Art, and there, too, young Church's genius was moulded, and developed under the guidance of his conscientious and painstaking master. Although under the influence of Cole's strong intellect, young Church's pencil showed from the outset during his student-life a marked individuality, and, as one of his warmest friends has said, "a remarkable independence in style;" yet, slight as was the resemblance existing between master and pupil, it was impossible for any artist to be associated with the gifted Cole without gaining

from his love for the beautiful and his reverential observations many invaluable suggestions. The Catskill region has been, since the days when Cole's pencil first drew attention to its picturesque beauty, Nature's great Academy of American landscape Art; and it is not strange that Mr. Church, whose student-life was passed within its wild precincts, should have made his home during his later years in the same delightful region. For studies of our Northern skies, of atmosphere, phenomena of rugged mountain-forms, of the manifestations of Nature in the seasons, and for the accidental lights and shadows which give variety to a landscape, the Catskills are unrivalled; and, however far away from home or kindred the American landscape-painter may be, like Church he always returns, sooner or later, to the fascinating influence of these

primeval haunts. There it was that Cole painted his ideal landscapes. Church, Gifford, Kensett, McEntee, Durand, the Harts, and many others, have painted its familiar scenery, until one would suppose the entire region had been exhausted of beauties. But it is not so, for we suspect, from Church's new canvases, brought out from time to time, that many of the richest places of Catskill

scenery are yet unpainted. Mr. Church, from the beginning of his career, went to Nature for his subjects, and yet his skies, and the suggestions indicated by his magic touch, are as full of the imaginative element as one of Turner's weird canvases. Mr. Church's pleasant companionship with Cole was early terminated by the death of the latter, but the habits of industry formed in that genial



A Tropical Moonlight. From a Painting by Frederick E. Church, N.A.

Catskill home well fitted him to enter alone the broad field of Art, and tended to insure his artistic development.

After setting up his easel as an artist, Mr. Church continued his studies from Nature assiduously, and his native New England, as well as the Catskills, furnished much material for his pencil. As a colourist, even from the beginning of his career, his works were remarkable for their truthfulness. With Church the local colour of the Catskills is never accepted as a study for the hills and val-

leys of New England. He chooses his subjects wisely, and always prepares his studies as to the texture of the rocks, the character of the forests, and the peculiar colour of the earth, from actual observation; therefore, when we see an olive-tree in one of his pictures of Palestine, we may be sure its counterpart is growing on Lebanon, or in some other spot whither Church's distant travels have led him. Mr. Church set up his easel in New York, as all of his contemporaries have done, at the beginning of his

career, but his rambles have been so widely distributed and his studio-life so brief in the city that he is almost looked upon as an alien. Mr. Church assumed a position as a master from the very beginning of his studio-life, and in 1849 we find him when in his twenty-third year an academican of the National Academy of Design, having been elected at the same time with Jared B. Flagg, the late Mr. Kensett, Junius B. Stearns, the late Edwin White, and Thomas P. Rossiter. It was about this time that he painted his view of 'East Rock,' near New Haven, a work of extraordinary merit, which gave him prominence as an artist, more even than was due to his election as an academican; and this was followed by a series of landscapes of Northern scenery, which won for him increased renown.

In 1853 Mr. Church went to South America and made elaborate studies of the magnificent scenery of that continent. As the result of that visit he painted a picture of the 'Great Mountain-Chain of New Granada,' which attracted wide attention. The exhibition of Mr. Church's South American pictures was received with so much

favour that, after exhausting only a part of the material obtained in his first visit, he felt that his mission was not yet ended in that direction, and again set sail in 1857 for a more extended tour of the tropics. As the result of these visits to South America, he painted the 'Heart of the Andes,' 'Cotopaxi,' 'The Rainy Season in the Tropics,' and 'Chimborazo,' the latter of which we engrave. A distinguished critic, in a notice of these works, says: "In the result of Church's studies we have, as it were, an epitome and typical portrait of the entire country; or, rather, each landscape represents a region, with all of its local peculiarities. In the 'Heart of the Andes,' philosophically as well as poetically so called, the characteristics of their fertile belt are, as it were, condensed; it is at once descriptive and dramatic; the deep azure of the sky, the far-away and soaring snowy peaks, the central plain, with its hamlet and water-courses, the lapsing valley, full of luxuriant vegetation from palms, mimosas in rich festoons, a scarlet paroquet, a gorgeous insect, a church with red-tiled roof, the wayside cross, flowers, foliage, and all of the tints of tropical atmo-



Chimborazo. From a Painting by Frederick E. Church, N. A.

sphere, and all the traits of tropical vegetation, combine, in harmonious and comprehensive as well as exquisitely true effect and detail, to 'conform the show of things to the desires of the mind,' and to place before it the spectacle of a phase of Nature which, to Northern vision, is full of enchantment."

On the return of Mr. Church from his last visit to South America he painted a large picture of 'Niagara Falls,' which was formerly owned by Mr. John Taylor Johnston, of New York, and is well known from the engraving. Mr. Church, after having made himself familiar with the character of tropical scenery, as well as the picturesque landscapes of New England and the grandeur of Niagara, was not satisfied to sit quietly down and repeat himself from year to year, but at once turned his attention to fresh scenes, and, bent on a new pilgrimage, he faced the frozen North. On his return from Labrador after a summer visit to its sterile coast, he painted 'The Icebergs,' which was exhibited in London in 1863, and was praised by the English critics. One of these writers, in allusion to the brilliancy of 'The Icebergs,' says: "This iridescence may be one of the stumbling-blocks to those matter-of-fact persons whose imaginations are so utterly homely that they are apt to turn away

from any beautiful truth not substantiated by their every-day experience; but we, who have seen sunset come with fairy presence to the depths of a Swiss glacier, readily accept all of this as a fact."

In 1866 Mr. Church visited the island of Jamaica and made a large number of studies, all of which showed the same conscientious care so marvellously displayed in his South American sketches. In a word, he appeared to grasp every local trait of the island, and left nothing to generalisation. His largest picture of 'Jamaica,' painted from these elaborate studies, is now in the collection of Mrs. Colt, in Hartford, Connecticut, his native city. A year or two later Mr. Church became again a Rambler, and made his first visit to Europe and Palestine. From Athens he obtained studies of 'The Parthenon'; he visited Damascus, and painted the city from the heights of Salchiyeh; and in Palestine he studied with zeal and afterwards painted 'El Chasné,' the famous rock-temple of Arabia-Petræa; and also the great canvas 'Jerusalem.' 'The Parthenon,' which we engrave, is one of Mr. Church's most important as well as striking works. In this picture he illustrates no sensational effect, but has simply drawn the imposing ruin under the influence of an almost cloudless sky on a midsum-

mer afternoon. There is only one figure in the picture, that of a man who stands leaning against a massive block of marble in the middle ground, introduced evidently to show the ponderous character of the blocks of Pentelic marble, of which the temple was built. Mr. Church, always careful in his drawing, perhaps never had a better opportunity to display his mastery of the art than in

this picture. As will be observed, the drawing of the noble peristyle, with its pediment yet almost intact, is perfect. The picture was painted in 1872, and is owned by Mr. Morris K. Jesup, of New York. 'Chimborazo,' which illustrates very forcibly the earnestness of Mr. Church's tropical studies, and 'A Tropical Moonlight,' are owned by Mr. W. H. Osborne.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES IN ITALY.



OR the benefit of the working-class the city government of Fiesole determined, last winter, to commence an excavation contiguous to the ancient Etruscan walls, and another in the upper part of the Roman theatre, already partly unearthed.

There were soon revealed the remains of the ancient Cyclopean walls, formed of large blocks of the Italian silicious sandstone—a construction truly majestic. At about the middle of this long extent of wall were discovered the remains of a portico of five bases, that evidently sustained four semicircular arcades, formed of sandstone, but of Roman construction, precisely similar to that of the theatre, and not Etruscan, although founded upon the Cyclopean walls. Adjoining walls, formed of large flag-stones, placed horizontally, well fitted together without cement, were placed upon different strata of *débris*, mixed with fragments of marble cornices, terra-cottas, and a stratum of carbonised vegetable material. This edifice, now exposed from base to summit, about sixty-six feet high, reaching to the supports of the arches that were once there, probably served as a receptacle of arms for the defence of the walls, or rather of the gateways, supposed to have been there. From the examinations made, it would seem that the building had been altered and repaired after its original erection, perhaps in consequence of injuries received in the sad experiences undergone by Fiesole.

The objects found in the excavations are numerous—the most important are of iron: sacrificial knives of bronze; an archaic fibula; statuette, supposed to be Pomona, with eyes of silver; of bone, worked handles with circular designs, some of them in Etruscan style; of terra-cotta, fragments of Aretino vase, with grapes and leaves; of glass, the base of a vase with Christian monograms; of marble, a female head in good style; pieces of statues, capitals, and coloured marbles.

In the territory of Chiusi, near Florence, in a field of Signor Pinzi, on the right of the road leading to Poggio San Paolo, an ancient cloaca has been discovered, formed and covered with large stones of travertine, put together without cement, more than a metre high and fifty-eight centimetres wide, and extending into fields of other proprietors, sloping towards the south, and at a distance of about five hundred metres from the city. The quantity of material discovered would indicate that there existed in that point a number of buildings, and that the cloaca was for the purpose of draining the waters of the region. The discovery is important, as it helps in the determination of the ancient perimeter of the city and its suburbs in the Roman epoch.

To the west of the city, at the distance of a kilometre, in the Palazzuolo *podere* (farm) of Signor Mariani, were found two small, contiguous Etruscan tombs, the entrances towards the south. Within these were various vases of archaic style, some with ornaments representing heads of horses, lions, and other animals; skeletons upon lateral benches of tufa, their heads towards the portal; two hollow balls of bronze, containing small stones inside; and bronze wires that, crossing the interior, were connected with the circumference. To these was fastened a small handle, also of bronze, for the convenience of holding them in the hand.

To the southwest of Chiusi, at the distance of a kilometre and a half, two other contiguous Etruscan tombs have been discovered, to which a road leads, exposed to the south. The first tomb, almost entirely destroyed in the front part, together with the road, by the crumbings of the hills, contained only a rough funeral urn of fetid chalk, with a vase and drinking-cup of pottery beside

it. The second was closed with a square stone, containing about fifty vases of different form and size, archaic style, and the best manner seen in this kind of vase. Against the wall, opposite the doorway, was a stone bench, upon which the body must have been laid, but no remains of human bones were found.

Other tombs of no small importance were discovered upon a hill called the Martinella, at the northeast, and about two kilometres from the city. To the first of these a road, exposed to the south, gave access. This tomb contained upon the sides four cells or niches, a large and small one at the right and a large and small one at the left, made so that the small one is opposite the large one of the other side. Then there was the large sepulchral cell, excavated in the tufa, without ornamentation of any kind. One cell contained a terra-cotta case, with a female figure lying upon the cover, enveloped in a funeral sheet, and of almost life-size. The other small cells contained small urns of local stone, with reliefs of flowers and branches, and Etruscan inscriptions upon the covers. In the second large cell stood a sarcophagus of terra-cotta in a state of perfect preservation, with a fine female figure upon the cover, about life-size. Each of these niches was covered against ingress with tiles, according to the usual system of the tombs of Chiusi, and upon these tiles was repeated the inscription found cut upon the interior of the urn.

The principal chamber had upon the walls opposite the entrance a small urn, with an unadorned cover in pyramidal form. There remain evidences of paintings that seem of careless style and of later times, with another Etruscan inscription. The case was broken in the middle, and anciently mended with lead. In the neighbouring chamber was a large wine-jar.

A few metres off another street was discovered without lateral cells, leading to a tomb, within which was a female statue, the hair in a knot upon the top of the head, and a large sarcophagus of *peperino* overthrown, and upon it, in large letters, an Etruscan inscription.

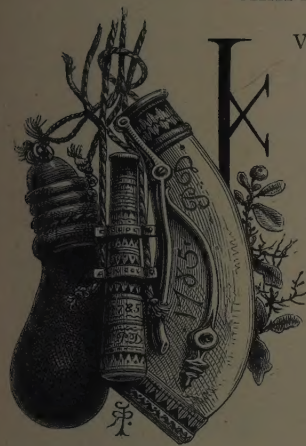
Very near and always upon the same line appeared another road, terminating in a third tomb, a metre and a half square, in the interior of which no objects of any sort remained except two stones of travertine, placed there, probably, to sustain the remains of a child. But the tomb had evidently been despoiled, and there remained only the traces of paintings, with which all the walls seem to have been decorated. On the ceiling two figures were still to be seen, one a full-face female, and the other the profile of a man. The former is in an attitude of grief, holding her head in one hand, and extending the other to the man, who seems to be stooping as if over a grave. Two other roads were found leading to other tombs, containing similar chambers, sarcophagi and Etruscan inscriptions.

The fine sarcophagus taken from the last cell in the road of the first tomb attracted especially the admiration of the director of the Florence Etruscan Museum, who endeavoured to purchase it for that institution. On the border of the urn is cut, in most excellent Etruscan characters, the name of the reclining figure, i. e., "*Larthia Sciantia*, Daughter of a *Svenia*." The inscription would be entire if it had not been recovered by the Etruscans with a stucco, above which was another inscription, that of a man. The stucco having fallen with time, the posterior inscription is almost entirely lost, but from the little that remains it is supposed to have indicated the name of Larthia's husband, who wished to be placed in the same sarcophagus. The admirable sculpture of this urn corresponds to the Etruscan-Roman epoch, and can be compared with the sculptures of the tomb of the Volumni of Perugia.

NORWAY.*

By R. T. PRITCHETT, F.S.A.

CHAPTER XIV.



VER and anon we arrive at some landmark in life which stands out prominently for the rest of our journey *ici bas sur la terre*; perchance it is one that, surrounded with pleasant associations, invites us back to chew the cud of past happiness, and rises before us as an angel of comfort from time to time, when shadows, storms, and squalls of trouble cross our path, the hurry and scurry of advanced civilisation have ruffled our calmer nature, and we have become irritable and overstrained, liable to spontaneous combustion of

temper, and less kindly than we are naturally. Such a happy landmark is "after reindeer" in Norwegian travel. Let us then look back to it, and enjoy it over and over again; and may others derive equal pleasure from similar outings.

The 1st of August is the opening day for reindeer shooting. About the end of July the enthusiasm gradually increases, everything is supposed to be ready—lists gone over, fine weather looked for, and the 1st of August especially longed for. On

our way to Gudbrandsdalen we stopped at Aalesund for the night—and what a night! We had hardly settled down to our "aftenmad," or supper, before a servant came in to tell us of a grand sunset, which she thought the English gentlemen would like to see. We all rushed up-stairs, clambered through attics, and finally came out on a kind of platform; and what a sight met us here! The whole heavens were bathed in the most astounding crimson, at our feet the harbour of Aalesund, and on the horizon, out in the Atlantic, small long ultramarine purple islands—sundown in its most intense arctic grandeur; a few golden scraps of cirri in the upper heavens. So impressed were we that we silently mused; adjectives had no power of expression; we tacitly admired with awe and reverence.

On our return to the table some Cantabs had just arrived; finding we were compatriots, the all-prevailing subject of the latter days of July rose to the surface. "Were we going after reindeer?" and a sort of mitrailleuse volley of inquiries soon followed. They had heard of three Englishmen—did we know them? as they were anxious to meet them before starting. At last the suggestion was thrown out, Had we not better go another time? We thought not. Then they divulged the name of him they sought, and the Patriarch revealed himself, quoting the *Duke's Motto*, "I am here." General rejoicing, fraternity, "Schaal" for good sport, and the next morning we all started off together by steamer for our happy hunting grounds.

July 31st, on the high plateau of the Lesje Vand, we made our head habitable quarters. The ponies were packed with



Thorbu—Encamping.

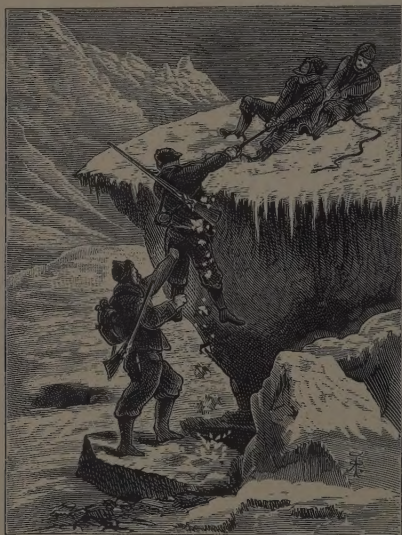
their curious birch twig saddles, waterproof sheets for cork bed, deer skins and air cushions, provisions, a small spade to trench round the tents, cooking canteen—a great work most cunningly carried out by the Tent-master—lint, chlorodyne, &c.; steel nails to screw into boots for ice work, "vanters," or mufflers, and long flannel night-shirts for cold, and blue spectacles for snow, a little glycerine, telescope and compass, &c.

Continued from page 47.

Our beds were made with Iceland moss, waterproof sheet, cork mattress, and skins, and we slept in thick socks, gloves, and long flannel night-shirts with hood to keep off the flies. Hans Luther was with us, and Trophas the faithful, the doggie with sharp nose and curled tail. The tents had been sent up to the fjeld before us, and, after about six hours' walk, we spied the white dot—the tent. In making the ascent to the upper plateau the gradual decrease of vegetation was very interesting, culminating in the reindeer flower, or *Ranunculus glacialis*. The

flowers are much liked by the reindeer. Happy and buoyant with hope the hunter who finds the flowers nibbled off! Their peculiarity is to grow most freely where the snow has melted back. At the tents we found Ole of Lesje, whose first news was that he had seen a herd of about fifty reindeer, and then a great subject was mooted: a glutton had been seen the night before near the tent. Danjel Kulingen had been thirteen years after reindeer, and had never seen one. On the other hand, Hans Luther had shot one, and a skin was at the station at Mölmen, which reminded us that at fishing inns, on the banks of the Thames, larger fish are seen stuffed and glazed than the itinerant angler generally hooks and lands.

All at once the dogs, three in number—Trophas, Barefoed, and Storm—opened a barking chorus; but we did not seize our rifles, as the telescopes revealed our Paymaster-general, who was returning from his *chasse de bagage*, which he had happily recovered. The aneroids registered 5,000 feet, and all was full of promise, save the one fact that the rifle of our friend was below in the valley. The despair and ferocity engendered by this unhappy discovery was soon dispelled by good food—plenty of it—a word of comfort and sympathy, and last, not least, a little whisky, after which he took a siesta in his tent, on which we wrote *Requiescat in pace*, and left our cards as a welcome.



Easing down the "Patriarch"

Being Sunday we made it quite a day of rest, and revelled in the flora, mosses, and lichens of our new ground; always, however, with an eye to the glutton, which evidently had a day of rest also, as he never appeared. In the evening a hunter's chorus at 6.30, as the Norwegian Sunday terminates at 6 o'clock. Ole sang "Saga's Hall." Luther, with his sweet high tenor, was very good, and eventually a bouquet was thrown to him. The delicate attention seemed to be appreciated, although it was composed of straw and red labels from the tin cans of our preserved meats, &c.; a bar or two of "God Save the Queen," and into our tents. The next day we made a long journey; much snow and heavy winds. In the afternoon we had to swim the ponies through a river—a very pretty sight indeed—the only drawback being clouds of mosquitoes; perfectly awful! no avoiding them. We were even thankful to think we had not them at home for a continuance. The remark that we should soon get used to them offered no comfort.

At this altitude we found the ptarmigan sitting about. The shooting of these birds does not commence until August 15th, and they seemed to know that we, as Englishmen, would not shoot before that day. So we actually threw stones at them, and one old bird, when knocked off the top of a large stone, positively came back to see what it was all about. Soon after this we discovered "freske spör" (new deer slots). The dogs livened up for a time. All soon settled however into steady

travel again. Danjel was telescoping continually; frequently a supposed reindeer turned out to be only a stone in the snow, till at last the Patriarch ventured to remark that there were "mange stor steen in Gamle Norge, og maget got telescope jagt," which Danjel understood to suggest real deer instead of stones, and we would all have preferred, as it was one of the objects of our expedition, shooting reindeer to telescoping them. They are very wild, and quite justify the old saying, "Mange dyr, mange øine,"—Many deer, many eyes. Our course now was laid from Buvalden, due north, and we started in good time from Thorbvå for the snow ranges, leaving the horses and baggage



The Gralloch.

below, we going as light as possible, with our own food for the day, and plenty of goat cheese. At lunch Danjel explained to the Patriarch that he should eat much goat cheese; if he ate sufficient he would partake of the nature of that saltatory animal, and in time jump cleverly and boldly from rock to rock—an accomplishment much called for during our wanderings.

An incident of fishing interest occurred here. We sent a hunter, who had never had a rod in his hand before, down to a lake, or "vand," to try for some trout. In about an hour he came back with about twenty, averaging nearly one pound each. Of course he was not casting, or "flick" would have been the



An Anxious Moment.

fate of the fly; he only trailed. Still his success was perfect, and he was delighted with his new sport.

The male reindeer are called "bucks," the female "ko" and "semle ko," and the young "kalve." In the day time they roll in the snow, if they sleep it is certainly with one eye open. Having seen and telescoped many big stones, and taken them for deer, there was a strong inclination to inquire more closely as to the probability of sport, and a suppressed anxiety to hear a definite opinion as to our chance of a shot, if nothing more. The hunter must be patient, persevering, careful not to appear

even as a moving speck on the interminable expanse of virgin snow; he must take his sport quietly, for better or worse. Our Tent-master had made many expeditions, had seen many deer, and even when his chance came an impetuous—shall we say “friend”?—rushed out in front of him, fired, and missed. So tradition said. We are glad to state that this did not occur during our present trip. His happy successes arrived, however, after a time, and long will he remember the day when he killed his first reindeer. May he live long to kill more!

It would be well here to mention the tents and their arrangement. A regular *tente abri* carries two very well. Of course there is more room and more comfort for a single inhabitant; still, for general travelling, where luggage may only too truly be described as *impedimenta*, the tent referred to may be used. Every morning, if the weather permits, the waterproof sheet and cork bed should be laid out to dry, the skins also.

The trench round the tent must be well looked to, and the lines tightened and the ponies tethered. It is so disagreeable when, about 2 A.M., you are awakened by a storm of rain and wind, and discover your pony, with his linked fore-legs well tangled in tent lines, doing his best to pull down the whole concern on the heads of the occupants. Far more delightful to wake on a summer morning, bright, crisp, and fresh, when, if near a sater, the cause of your awaking may be the jodelling of a “pige” in charge of the cows, Swiss as to character of song, exceedingly Norske as they call to the cows to follow. In the country districts animals follow more than they are driven. Kindliness is the rural influence, coercion the town.

Many of our readers will notice that, under the initial letter, the powder-flask and general arrangement are very much like the old bandoleers which are still hanging in the guard-chamber of Hampton Court Palace and others at Portsmouth. They were

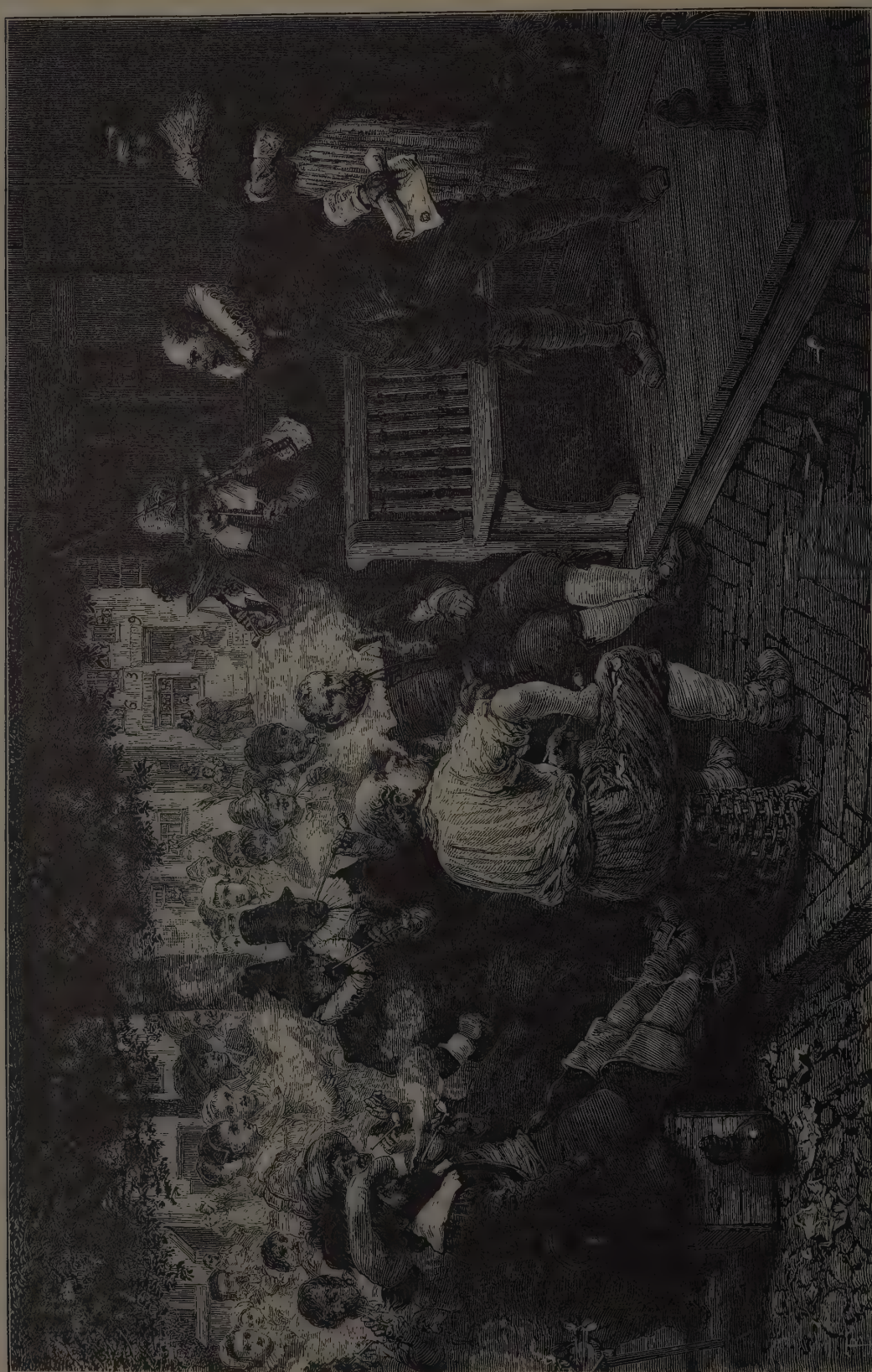


Near Ovendal: after Reindeer.

most general in Charles I.'s time, and are beautifully shown in De Gheyn's costumes of Culverin-men and Harquebusiers. In this case this bandoleer was made of steel, and it is faithfully rendered, with the cord by which the whole arrangement was hung over the shoulder of the hunter.

By this time we deserve sport. We have travelled far and worked hard for it. Let us see the result. We had arrived at a great height, at the snow fields called “Snee breiden,” like the “Folge fond” in the Hardanger. We had slid, crawled, and struggled, sometimes moving one behind the other at an angle, to reduce our surface, creeping on the crisp, dry, hard snow, wading rivers of snow water (very cold tubbing indeed), sloshing at the edge of the snow, where the reindeer-flowers bloom, going through various other incidents of snow travelling, till at last we arrive at a smart drop, previous to another fond. Here the Patriarch had to be eased down, and his pendent position is only suggested in the cut. Soon Trophas began to draw upon

some slots in the snow; it was the unanimous opinion that they were “fresh.” Trophas pulled hard, held back by Ole, who eventually began to half trot. To the unsentimental mind, the action was that of a blind man's dog eyeing coppers in the distance; but Trophas was in earnest, and at last the top of a horn burst upon us, and in a second our fate was disclosed to us. There was nothing but the gralloch of a reindeer kalve shot yesterday—one horn, one hoof, &c.—as shown in sketch. How could it be accounted for? Many suggestions were thrown out, many improbabilities considered feasible, and at last a matter-of-fact of mind launched the frightful proposition that the glutton seen by Ole near our tents the night before our arrival was nothing but a native hunter, who had been stalking us, and had killed the kalve of which the remains were now at our feet. Nothing daunted, we flattered ourselves that at all events we had now commenced in earnest, and remembered the saw that the worst beginning has the best ending.



EDICT OF WILLIAM THE TESTY.

From the Painting by GEORGE H. BOUTWORTH, in the Corcoran Gallery, Washington.

BOUGHTON'S 'EDICT OF WILLIAM THE TESTY.'



HE picture by George Boughton, of which we give an engraving on the preceding page, was painted for and is now on exhibition at the Corcoran Art-Gallery, Washington. Its subject is 'The Edict of William the Testy' against the use of tobacco, taken from Irving's "Knickerbocker's History of New York," and the following extract from that

entertaining chronicle will convey a full idea of the incident portrayed:

"The immediate effect of the edict was a popular commotion. A vast multitude, armed with pipes and tobacco-boxes, sat themselves down before the Governor's house, and fell to smoking with tremendous violence. The testy William issued from his house like a wrathful spider, demanding the reason of this lawless fumigation. The sturdy rioters replied by lolling back in their seats, and puffing away with redoubled fury, raising such a murky cloud that the Governor was fain to take refuge in the interior of his castle."

The essentially farcical character of this incident naturally begets fear of its being treated in a way partaking too much of buffoonery or caricature, but the work proves how successfully the artist has avoided both, and clothed the subject with the same unctuous, grave humour with which Irving wrote, and has preserved a certain dignity in its drollery.

William the Testy has issued from his house, and, standing on the veritable bluish-green *stoop*, with uplifted cane threatens the circle of rebellious smokers gathered before him, seated on benches and boxes, each man steadily surveying him with a droll Dutch

gravity, as they silently puff out streams of contemptuous smoke. Behind him is his hard-featured wife, and at her feet is an angry pug. Nearest the Governor is a corpulent fellow with thumbs in his tight belt, who is said to be Brinkerhoff, the hero of the clam and onion war against the Yankees. Next him sit two long-visaged Yankees in high-crowned hats and Puritan dress; and to the left of them leans back the black-bearded Antony Van Corlear, the trumpeter, with folded arms and outstretched legs, in the sturdiest attitude of cool disregard of the Governor. The best figure in the main group is the sturdy craftsman seated on an inverted basket, with sleeves rolled up, who, with an air of active defiance, sends out a stream of smoke that seems to say, "Well, what are you going to do about it?" Beyond this group, and in the middle ground, is a bevy of lads and lasses, all gravely looking at the jokes of their fathers; and the distance presents a charming bit of open street, where may be seen villagers buying tobacco at the open window of a shop bearing on its front the date 1639.

The whole picture is painted with the charm of colour peculiar to Boughton, and the various figures abound in strongly-marked character. The grave humour of the main group, however, might have been deepened by throwing some suppressed mirth into the faces of the girls and young men in the middle ground. As it is, there is a manifest monotony of serious expression in the mass of figures—saving only one old man in the distance, who has taken his pipe from his mouth to indulge in a broad grin. The painting is about five feet and a half in length. It has been photographed by the Corcoran Gallery.

ACADEMY OF ST. LUKE, ROME.



AMONG the numerous art-galleries of Rome, there are few where true connoisseurs linger with more pleasure than in that of the "Academy of St. Luke." Besides its well-known masterpieces, as Raphael's 'St. Luke painting the Portrait of the Madonna and Child,' Raphael's fresco of 'A Child' (formerly one of the sup-

porters of an armorial shield of Julius II. in a hall of the Vatican), Titian's 'Vanity,' Guido's 'Fortune,' Cagnacci's 'Tarquin and Lucretia,' &c., often new paintings are added, by the liberality of art-devotees. A recent bequest was made by Professor Cavaliere Canevari of a copy from Vandyke's charming portrait of Charles II. of England, when a baby-boy. It is in coloured crayon, a favourite style, evidently, of Canevari's, as there are some sixteen other works by him, in the same material, mostly copies of celebrated portraits of great men, or of the paintings he most admired. Among them are Dante, Giorgione, the 'Fornarina,' &c. At his death they were left to the Academy, that now possesses an excellent portrait of Canevari by Professor Bompiani, as well as of several other members of the Academy painted by prominent Roman artists.

A painting by Battoni has also been presented lately, of soft, sweet tone, reminding one of his famous 'Repentant Magdalen' in the Dresden Gallery. He was the author also, it will be remembered, of the 'Fall of the Magician Simon,' in the church of St. Maria degli Angeli (Rome).

Far more important a presentation, however, is that of a whole collection of paintings, mostly by the old masters, the assembling together of which formed the chief life-work of a wealthy Roman, Signor Salvatore Originali. A few months ago he died, eighty-four years old, and, leaving but a comparatively small possession to his family, bestowed all his paintings, forming a rich gallery, upon the Academy of St. Luke. They still remain in the palace he occupied (Piazza Sts. Apostoli), where all the arrangement and

furnishing of the *salons* are completely devoted to the favourable display of these works of Art, as they were also in the life of their collector. Among the most beautiful of the paintings is a 'Madonna and Child,' by Leonardo da Vinci. The expression of the Virgin's face is very lovely. Two, absolutely attributed to Raphael, are a 'Madonna and Child' and a 'St. Gregorius,' with the typical dove upon his shoulder—a panel-painting. Both are small but characteristic works. The collection numbers more than two hundred paintings, fairly representing in style and excellence the celebrated names to whom they are attributed. There are also a few antique sculptures, and five busts by Canova, of whom there is a portrait-bust by D'Este. The principal works will be placed in the Academy, and the rest sold for the benefit of Art-students, to whom, too, Originali left in his will certain sums for their education.

The Academy of St. Luke was the first and principal Art-institute established in Rome. Its name is due to the legendary artistic talent ascribed to St. Luke, who was therefore chosen as its patron. The original idea of such an Art-association is attributed to Pope Sixtus IV. (della Rovere), and its development to the artist Muziano under Pope Gregory XIII., from whom Muziano obtained (in 1577) permission for the foundation of an academy that should assemble the best artists of the time. But, both dying, Zuccheri on his return from Spain was sent to Rome by Pope Sixtus IV. to accomplish the plan. The inauguration of the institution is referred to the year 1595. Zuccheri was unanimously chosen chief of the Academy, and the *locale* was the same then as now, contiguous to the church of St. Martina, near the Forum. The objects of the institution were, as they have continued to be, the advancement of and instruction in the Fine Arts, honouring those who distinguish themselves therein; also, watching over the maintenance of public monuments in Rome. The Academy holds schools in painting, architecture, ornamentation, geometry, anatomy, drapery, mythology, and the study of the nude.

ART AMONG THE BALLAD-MONGERS.

By LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, F.S.A.



AMONG the various "out-of-the-way corners of Art" to which, from time to time, I have devoted, and still trust to devote, brief occasional chapters in the *Art Journal*, few present such a diversity of style and cover such a wide range of subjects, or are possessed of so much real interest, as that I have now chosen for a few pages of illustration. The ballads of the "good old times"—those ballads of the people which Macaulay declared to be the groundwork of history—often rich in humour, and almost invariably full of historical allusions and of information on manners and customs, habits and sentiments, costume, trades and occupations, traditions, beliefs, and superstitions, are not half sufficiently understood, nor are their importance and value appreciated to the extent they deserve to be. Whether in the versification itself or in the curious woodcuts with which they are adorned, the ballads of past times bring perhaps more vividly before us than does any other class of literature the habits of those times, and give us innumerable "missing links" that help to connect together the otherwise broken chains of history and of antiquarian research. However coarse and uncouth the modes of expression may be—and that in some ballads the expressions are, to our modern notions, coarse and indelicate in the extreme, is certain—or however rudely executed

may be the woodcuts with which they are accompanied, something good and something useful may be learned from each; and the patient and intelligent student who refers to them for information cannot rise from their examination without having gained something which he will be able to turn to good account in after days, in whatever course of study he may be engaged.

Ballads are, indeed, a rich storehouse of knowledge, to which all with properly directed minds may resort for information and for instruction at all times, and on a multiplicity of subjects. They form not only the groundwork of history, but serve as illustrations and "proofs" of history, and help to clear up and unravel many obscure points and knotty questions.

Some of the earliest known printed ballads are preserved among the valuable collection of broadsides in the library of the Society of Antiquaries, and others of early date are included in the famous Roxburghe and Pepys collections, and in other public and private collections. The earlier ballads are, as a matter of course, printed in "black letter;" and this kind of type continued in use for them—or rather for some of them—until about the year 1700. "When ballads," says Mr. Chappell, "were intended for the exclusive use of the ordinary ballad buyers, they were printed in 'black letter,' a thick kind of Old English type that was retained for that especial purpose for a



Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.

century and a half after it had fallen into desuetude, and nearly a century of disuse, for books. According to Pepys, who was a contemporary authority, the use of black letter ceased about the year 1700. On the title-page of his volumes he describes them as *My Collection of Ballads, Begun by Mr. Selden, Improved by ye addition of many Pieces elder thereto in Time, and the whole continued down to the year 1700, When the Form, till then peculiar thereto, vizt. of the Black Letter, with Picturs, seems (for cheapness sake) wholly laid aside, for that of the White Letter without Pictures.* "White letter" printing of non-political street ballads may be said broadly to have commenced about 1685, and of political ballads about half a century earlier."

The collection of ballads known as the "Roxburghe" was originally formed by Robert Harley (eldest son of Sir Robert Harley), created in 1711 Baron Harley of Wigmore, Earl of Oxford, and Earl Mortimer, to whom also is due the lasting honour of forming the priceless and matchless "Harleian Collection of Manuscripts," now among the greatest treasures of

the British Museum. At the dispersion by sale of the Earl of Oxford's printed books, his ballads were bought by James West, President of the Royal Society, at whose death they were again sold (March, 1773), and became the property of Major Thomas Pearson for, it is said, twenty pounds. The lot was entered in the sale catalogue as *A curious collection of Old Ballads, in number above 1,200, b[lack] l[etter], with curious frontispieces. 3 Vols.* By Major Pearson the collection was re-arranged and bound, more than a century ago, in two volumes, with the addition of several ballads, and also with printed indexes and title pages. At his death, in 1788, the collection was again sold. This time the "numerous and matchless collection of old ballads are all printed in the black letter, and decorated with many hundred wooden prints; they are pasted upon paper with borders, printed on purpose, round each ballad, also a printed title and index to each volume;" being bought by the Duke of Roxburghe for twenty-six pounds fourteen shillings and sixpence. To this collection the duke added some fresh ballads, and also a third volume of later effusions, including "many

white-letter ballads, chiefly of the last century, and, in some cases, so late in the century as to number within it a song by Burns." The collection, however, was sufficiently enlarged by the duke to take his name, and has ever since been known as the "Roxburghe Ballads." At the duke's death the three volumes of ballads were, in 1813, sold to the Shaksperian scholar, Mr. Benjamin Heywood Bright, second son of Richard Bright, of Ham Green, Bristol, and of Colwall, in Herefordshire, for four hundred and forty-seven pounds fifteen shillings; about four hundred and twenty-one pounds more than the duke had given for them. Mr. Bright, who added a fourth volume of eighty-five pages of black-letter ballads to the collection, died in 1843, and at the sale of his library the three Roxburghe

by casting up a stone. More solid things do not show the complexion of the time so well as ballads and libels." The Roxburghe collection, numbering about one thousand four hundred and sixty-six bal-

lads, of which ten, at all events, were printed before 1584, tell pretty well, both in political and social matters, "which way the wind blew" in the days wherein they were written and sung.

The Pepys collection of ballads was, as just stated on the authority of quaint old Samuel Pepys himself, commenced by the learned John Selden (whose father, be it remembered, was a musician or "minstrel," as he is described in the parish register of his own parish), who

died in 1654, in his seventieth year, and continued and much enlarged as well as enriched by other ballads "elder thereto



Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.



Fig. 5.

volumes were bought for the British Museum for five hundred and thirty-five pounds, and his own additional volume for twenty-five pounds five shillings. The "Roxburghe Ballads," of whose history these brief particulars will doubtless be of interest, now form one of the choicest and best guarded of literary treasures in the Museum library. "It is," says Mr. Chappell, "by miscellaneous collections of this kind only that the true state and character of the age, political and otherwise, can be estimated, with all its struggling elements at work." As Selden said, "Though some make slight of libels, yet you may see by them how the wind sets; as, take a straw and throw it up into the air, you shall see by that which way the wind is; which you shall not do

in point of time," by the diarist himself. The collection of ballads "in the Black Letter with Pictures" was continued by

Pepys till close upon the date of his death, 1703, when, by will, dated in May in that year, he gave the use of his valuable library and collection of prints to his nephew, John Jackson (second son of his sister Paulina) for life, and then to go to Magdalen College, Cambridge, there to be placed, subject to certain restrictions and regulations, in the sole custody of the master of that college for the time being. There the Pepys collection of ballads still very properly remains; but improperly, or unwisely, they remain almost a sealed book to the lover of ballad lore. The Ballad Society, which is doing a valuable service by printing the



Fig. 6.

Roxburghe and other collections, desired to turn their first attention to the Pepysian treasures, and application to that end was some years back made to the college authorities. "The answer received was to the effect that the master and fellows of Magdalene had for some time had the intention of some day printing the collection themselves—were indeed then indexing it; that in no case would the college print the collection entire, but that they might soon issue a part of it under the charge of one of their Fellows." Thus these treasures still remain hidden, and are likely to be so. Their publication is a matter which men of letters have earnestly desired for a century, and it is to be regretted that so rich a mine of literary and artistic treasures remains so long locked up from those who would make valuable use of them in elucidating history. The collection is composed of five volumes, and contains about eighteen hundred ballads, of which nearly fourteen hundred are in black letter; and the Pepys collection, in addition, contains a hundred and twelve *Penny Merriments* and *Garlands* of ballads, arranged in three other volumes. Other collections of ballads, of more or less note, are in the Bodleian Library, the British Museum, the Chetham Library, and many other public and private libraries. The immense variety of the ballads, and their astonishing number, show their extreme popularity; that popularity being incontrovertible evidence of the estimation in which

they were held, and of the hold they had on the public mind and taste. It also proves their value at the present day to the student, who would unlock their allusions to the sentiments and the feelings, the manners and the habits, the political and social relations, and the trades and occupations of the people, and would turn them to good historical account.

Singing was in former days one of the necessities, not a mere accomplishment, of English social life. Every one sang, and ballad-singing was the order of the day, ay, and also of the night, among people of every class, and dancing was its common accompaniment. "*Ball, ballet, and ballad*," writes Mr. Chappell, "are kindred words, derived from the same Greek root (*βαλλίζειν*), and when the English people danced they strengthened the music by their song. It was not mere natural singing—all were taught to sing, rich and poor. The education of the poor was reading, writing, grammar, and music; and in the early part of Queen Elizabeth's reign these four qualifications of the children educated in Bridewell were advertised as recommendations

for their being taken as servants, as apprentices, and for husbandry. There *must* have been some solidity in the musical education of the lower classes when the watermen of London could compose Rounds or Canons in unison, as in 'Row the boat, Norman,' written in 1543," and others. "When the extreme Puritans—not of the Cromwell stamp, but sour-faced men, who



Fig. 7.



Fig. 8.



Fig. 9.



Fig. 10.

deemed cheerfulness a sin and a dance round a maypole to be a sure pathway to the lower regions—when these men gained the upper hand in the state they put down 'Merry England,' and their zeal gave so great a check to the amusements of the people, and especially to the culture of music, that *Old England* has not even yet recovered herself. The mind requires relief; these men sought refuge in violent political and religious zeal.

Cobblers became teachers, the strangest new sects were started, and Old Bethlehem ('Bedlam') became a necessity." The natural sequence of the want of amusement was a progressive increase of drunkenness among the people, and with it the attendant immoralities and sometimes crimes.

It was this general habit of and love for singing that caused the enormous demand for ballads in England, and there is



“THERE’S NO PLACE LIKE HOME.”

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE SHEEPSHANKS GALLERY.

D. APPLETON & CO. NEW YORK.

hardly a dramatist of the sixteenth or the seventeenth century that does not allude to their powerful influence. Thus Shakespeare, in *Henry IV.*: "An I have not ballads made on you all and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison." And again: "I beseech your grace let it be booked with the rest of this day's deeds, or by the lord I will have it in a particular ballad, with mine own picture at the top of it, Colville kissing my foot."

And this allusion to the "picture at the top" of the ballad appropriately brings me to the close of this chapter. My object being not so much with the ballads themselves as with the "pictures," the "blocks," or the "cuts," which accompany them. Ballads were often stinging lampoons, and the threat of being "balladed" was one not to be lightly thought of, and when accompanied by the other threat of being "pictured" was

enough to make a proud man wince. Thus, as grand old Philip Massinger made Chamont threaten Laura—

"I will have thee
Pictured as thou now art, and thy whole story
Sung to some villanous tune in a lewd ballad,
And make thee so notorious in the world
That boys in the streets shall hoot at thee"—

ballads became deterrents from evil, and people shrank from being made notorious at the mouth of the balladmonger.

"O why was England *merrie* called, I pray you tell me why?
Because Old England merry was in merry times gone by."

To the facsimiles of curious woodcuts introduced in these pages, and to others that will follow, I shall make due reference in my succeeding chapters.

(To be continued.)

JAPANESE ART.

By SIR RUTHERFORD ALCOCK, K.C.B., D.C.L.

IN the series of articles which has recently appeared in this Journal on Japanese Art frequent reference will be found to one element, underlying all Japanese work as a governing principle—*variety*. That love of variety and novelty which is common to the human race has been cultivated and developed among this people until it has become almost a passion, giving shape and character to all their Art. Of the thousands of cheap fans now scattered over Europe, I doubt whether any two would be found exactly alike. In this distinguishing feature of their work the artists of Japan have gone to Nature for their inspiration; and as it is mainly to these two sources, their love of Nature and their love of variety, that Japanese Art owes much of its excellence, as well as its charm and originality, the object they proposed to themselves and the means they have taken to attain it seem worthy of further study and a separate chapter.

I think it will be seen that the true secret of their unrivalled success in those branches of Art to which they have devoted themselves is to be found in their loving and patient study of all the *processes* in Nature—in other words, the methods by which, in the realms of Nature, the *greatest variety* is secured, and the nature of those lines and combinations which, as Hogarth observed, seem to raise in the mind the ideas of all the variety of forms imaginable. By a natural instinct or intuitive love for that variety which is only seen in its greatest perfection in Nature, and underlies all excellence in Art by the share it has in producing beauty, the Japanese have gone to the ornamental part of Nature's great treasure-house—to the forms and colours of plants, flowers, leaves, the painting of butterflies' wings, the skins of animals, the plumage of birds, and markings of shells, in a word, to all that constitutes the glory and the beauty of the visible world, and ministers with never-failing and lavish bounty to the sense of beauty, of harmony, and grace. Hogarth was right in asserting that the principles are in Nature by which we are guided in determining what is truly beautiful or graceful and excellent in Art. They went, therefore, to the fountain-head in going to Nature and there reverently watching and studying at her feet all the processes by which such infinite variety and beauty were unfailingly evolved. It followed naturally that in this admiration of Nature's works, in which beauty and variety are the leading and characteristic features, they would imbibe a corresponding aversion to sameness and a too great uniformity or regularity, which they nowhere found in Nature. An exact repetition of equal parts without variation—or equal division of lines and spaces—becomes to them something utterly distasteful, as a violation of the principles and order of Nature. To avoid any such appearance, even when the symmetry and orderly plan on which plants and

flowers are constructed and the object of utility and adaptation to a purpose enforced regularity, they followed the subtle devices and secret processes they observed in Nature, by which the regularity of skeleton or ground plan is effectually concealed.

To these matters I referred generally in the first article of the series,* as giving a key to the artistic excellence of the Japanese. But the subject is well worthy of more minute study and a greater elaboration, in order to show what those processes in Nature are from which the Japanese have derived their cunning in every kind of Art-industry, and how naturally the observation of the one has led to the other. The prevalence of order, method, and design in the constructive processes giving form to the various products of the vegetable kingdom, could not long have escaped such close observers. What they first noticed and admired was, no doubt, the endless variety and constant beauty of Nature's works, and the absence of formality and all appearance of regularity or monotony. Yet, behind this apparent freedom and wantonness of growth, they would in time discover that a rigid adherence to an orderly plan of a geometric character or pattern was one of the conditions of this infinite variety of beautiful forms. Whether they attained to a knowledge that geometrical and arithmetic proportions govern the material universe, and are to be traced as clearly in the graceful flower or stately tree as in the crystallization of minerals or the orbits of the stars, may be very doubtful. Nor was it needful for their purpose. It was enough for them to discover the existence of a general plan and a fixed order of development amidst all the variety they admired, and to discern how the two could be combined. This must soon have led them to perceive that, although Nature builds up plants and animals each upon a regular plan, she takes infinite pains to disguise such regularity under an appearance of freedom, and has many devices for concealing from the eye the skeleton, with all its rigidity of mathematical and geometrical proportions. When they had advanced thus far they had an endless field before them, rich in every kind of suggestive motives for the perfection of the decorative art; and they have profited by such teaching.

An orderly plan of geometric proportions and definite pattern as a basis, the constant repetition of similar parts in a fixed order of succession and alternation, being given to them as the chief elements of all Nature's exhaustless beauty and variety, the Japanese artist has so well profited by his lessons that, although variety has become the distinguishing character of his work, he never fails in symmetry, though his idea of what constitutes symmetry and the best mode of securing it is widely different from any that has prevailed as a general rule in the Western world.

* See *Art Journal* for 1875, p. 101.

This is itself a subject of so much interest that in order to give it fuller development I must trust to the indulgence of my readers while I offer some considerations drawn rather from the field of physiology and anatomical botany than what is more generally associated with the domain of Art. I recently met with a posthumous volume of "Miscellanies," by the late Dr. John Addington Symonds, published in 1871 by his son, in which there is a lecture "On the Principles of Beauty," delivered to a society at Bristol; and it is so full of pregnant truths in connection with Art and the principles which flow from the constitution of man and the structure of the eye and brain, that I would fain hope it may become better known. He seems to have been one of those men of whose general culture and love of Art, superadded to his professional knowledge of the human frame, the medical profession has more than one representative at the present day. All who are familiar with the works of Sir Henry Thompson, often to be seen on the walls of the British Institution of Water Colours, and with the etchings from Nature of Mr. Haden, which are among the best specimens of modern Art, will recognise the value of such a combination of the two pursuits and objects of study. I trust the following extracts and *résumé* of some of the facts and conclusions bearing on the subject more immediately under consideration may tend to direct attention to the whole lecture.

Speaking of variety as a source of beauty, as well as the pleasure derived from similarity, Dr. Symonds remarks that "The delight in new impressions, the sense of change and of action, this is what may be considered the most popular kind of beauty. For the appreciation of symmetry, a certain amount of culture is needful, but new colours and unaccustomed forms may at once attract attention, and impart pleasure to the most simple and uneducated minds. Under the operation of agencies which bring such novelties and varieties the mind has a consciousness of pleasant activity analogous to the enjoyment of muscular exercise. It is this ministration which accounts for most of the pleasure produced by natural scenery, in the ever-changing effects of light and shade and colour, and the endless diversities of form in flowers, shrubs, and trees, and in the animated tribes which people the scenes of beauty. And yet in all these objects it is to be noted, that though variety is a prevailing element, yet there is a large admixture of similarity. The similarity of the leaves to each other, and the uniformity of their prevailing colour in a tree, is accompanied by a constant change of branches, boughs, and twigs, whatever hidden regularity there may be in the intervals of division and angles of divarication. How these all combine, under a definite order, to give the effect of mere wanton profusion and careless grace, is Nature's secret, in which lies 'the hidden soul of harmony.'"

Again, he observes, "In natural objects, where there is the greatest apparent diversity, it is easy to trace the law of uniformity. In foliage there is not only the general likeness of the leaves and branches, but the direction or the relative position of the leaves and branches is in a great measure uniform. There is a sense of symmetry in the midst of all the seeming complexity of parts. So in the grouping of human figures in a picture, where variety of lines and forms is most natural, it will be found that the arrangement is most pleasing to the eye when, without formality, there is a certain degree of symmetry, as when one side of the picture somewhat corresponds to the other without conspicuously balancing it. A parallelism which does not strike the eye, and yet may be traced in the direction of the limbs, the figure of a pyramid, or an ellipse, or a rectangle, by the eye looking for it, though it does not in the least approach to actual definition—such arrangements, by a virtual conformity to symmetry, without any marked appearance of it, give unquestionable pleasure to our sight."

Continuing the analysis, he observes, "The pleasure derived from similarity enters largely into the beauty of symmetry. This side is like that. This curve corresponds to that. And it

is like with a difference, the difference being in place or material (*idem in alio*). Similarity enlivened by difference, variety restrained by unity, may be found in all the arrangements of light and shade, form and colour and sound, which are most pleasing to the eye and to the ear;" but all sudden and abrupt changes of sensation, as he further explains, are displeasing, and thus *continuity* is an element in agreeable movements of the body as well as in pleasant sensations. Hence the influence of similarity and variety and continuity may be traced in the beauty which belongs to simple lines, and quite apart from all collateral suggestions; but still more in a curved line, because that presents both continuity and variety in a manner agreeable to the sensation of sight, and calling forth an agreeable exercise of the muscles of the eye. But some curves are more pleasant than others. The circle is less agreeable than the ellipse, and the simple ellipse than the ovoid or composite ellipse. In the circle there is a constant change of direction, but every change is like its predecessor, and the general appearance is excess of uniformity, or monotony. In the ellipse the change of direction is more gradual, and the figure admits of division by the eye without diameters into opposites which are similar and symmetrical. The ovoid is still more beautiful, from the yet greater variety of direction, with perfect facility of gradation. But apart from the course of the line, there is an impression on the sense by the enclosed space. The circle is always the same in form, however different in size, the radii being equal. The ellipse, on the other hand, is in its nature variable, and is at once recognised as such. It suggests a form which may vary almost indefinitely by the varying proportions between its major and minor axis.

Dr. Symonds, speaking further of sensational beauty and its sources, remarks that "The beauty of form may be perceived and delighted in without any knowledge of its source; but there must be a certain organization of the sensorium to this effect. As it is a well known fact that some persons are insusceptible to the enjoyment of the more complex forms of harmony of sound, so there are subtleties of symmetry beyond the range of ordinary perception. There are individuals who have not the æsthetical constitution which would enable them to recognise and enjoy the exquisite proportions of the Venus of Milos or the portico of the Parthenon, just as others are dead to the harmonies of Beethoven."

The truth of these observations and their significance, as affording an insight into the physiological laws governing our perception of symmetry and all the other elements constituting Art, are very striking. I will show farther on, that the Japanese ideas of symmetry, while differing so essentially from our own, are entirely in harmony with the processes by which Nature in many instances meets the exigencies of symmetry, by the balance of corresponding, but unequal or more or less dissimilar parts, which is the principle underlying the Japanese practice. But before leaving Dr. Symonds's most suggestive lecture, I must give one more extract. Returning to the effect of variety on the mind and the condition attaching to its full enjoyment, "There is a pleasure," he says, "resulting from the mere novelty of a sensation, but if there is nothing in the impression but its novelty to afford pleasure the enjoyment soon ceases. Nature, however, is so rich, and Art so fertile, that this source of pleasure never fails, and it meets us under the form of what we call *variety*. Besides variety and *continuity*, there is another circumstance under which sensation gives pleasure, viz., *similarity*. Repetition is agreeable, but mere likeness, *without difference*, becomes distasteful sameness or dull uniformity; just as mere *variety*, without *likeness*, would be intolerable; for in this case there would be a number of isolated experiences without any connection, and the perception of relations is one of the deepest wants of our nature."

Thus distinctly may we trace, in strict accordance with the principles exemplified in Nature, and the physiological laws of our constitution, all the more striking and characteristic elements in Japanese Art. It remains now to show the processes in Nature, more particularly in the growth of plants, by which, out of a few very simple elementary parts, boundless

* See "Miscellanies," article "Principles of Beauty," by Dr. John Addington Symonds, M.D. London, Macmillan & Co. 1871.

variety and perfect symmetry are secured, with an entire absence of monotony or appearance of formality and regularity—a combination which gives a charm to every landscape and to each individual and component part.

Repetition of like parts—but likeness with a difference—and change or variety, with a certain continuity, we thus see are essential elements in Nature's inexhaustible powers of charming with novelty. But behind this there is yet another secret, and that is, the ease with which the geometric proportions and regularity of plan, on which trees and plants and flowers of every kind are built up, is concealed. To this hiding and perfect concealment of an orderly plan Japanese Art, like Nature, is indebted mainly for its attraction. Nature never repeats herself; however multitudinous her creations, they are never absolutely and precisely alike. No two trees or flowers, not even two leaves of the same, are without a difference, however small. The Japanese artist, at a very early period, seems to have seized upon this great characteristic of all Nature's works, and adopted it for his guiding principle. But this residuary element of variety was only the last of a series of effects and processes leading up to it. Mere repetition of similar forms would not obviously suffice. There must be some further secret of arrangement, method of growth, or combination of parts, to secure not only a pleasing variety, but the grace, the harmony, and unending beauty of the vegetable kingdom. The foliage of

a tree and the petals of a flower, however confused and complex to the eye, each have a regulated place and order, and the beauty and grace of the whole are essentially dependent upon this order being rigorously adhered to. Nothing looks so remote from this as the aspect of Nature, in whatever direction we turn our gaze throughout the universe. The stars which seem to powder the blue vault above, as though scattered broadcast like dust from the hand, have all their place and orbits fixed with such geometric proportions and mathematical nicety that astronomers can calculate their distances and respective influences, even to the small aberrations permitted within their fixed orbits. As in the heavens, so on the earth. Everywhere law—not license—order, method, and design prevail; not chance, or the negation of any of these conditions.

These things, so obvious to us and unquestionable, have not in all ages been revealed to man's inquiring nature, though no doubt they have been more or less clearly accepted as fundamental truths, while the actual processes by which such laws were made operative must, to a great degree, have been hidden until quite recent times. Those processes by which the human frame was built up and its growth regulated, by which plants and flowers were developed from the seed, the stem, and the leaf, were a closed book until anatomy and physiology traced them out. Without such help it would appear that the Japanese, moved by an equal love of Nature and of Art, must have gone



Fig. 1.

far to divine, if not to demonstrate, the secret of Nature's inexhaustible variety and never-failing beauty. They desired with their whole heart to exercise their imitative and creative faculties in reproducing these, in a form less evanescent, and more especially adapted to their own use in all the offices and occupations of daily life; and they went to Nature for the needful instruction.

The processes by which in the floral world the orderly plan of growth and construction are disguised, and, as a rule, so effectually hid that only a patient scrutiny and dissection of all the parts of a plant could lay them bare, would naturally be the first object of research. And these once mastered, little remained but to apply the fruitful knowledge thus obtained at Nature's source. Probably it might not be immediately obvious that the mere imitation of what they found in Nature would not suffice. As with the Egyptians the lotus, with the Greeks the anthemion, and with the Romans the acanthus, a conventional adaptation is needed to create a decorative effect. In a word, as Mr. Fergusson so well expresses it in his last great work on "Architecture in all Countries," "we ought always to copy the processes and never the forms of Nature."* And so, in applying the subtle devices by which any formality in flowers and

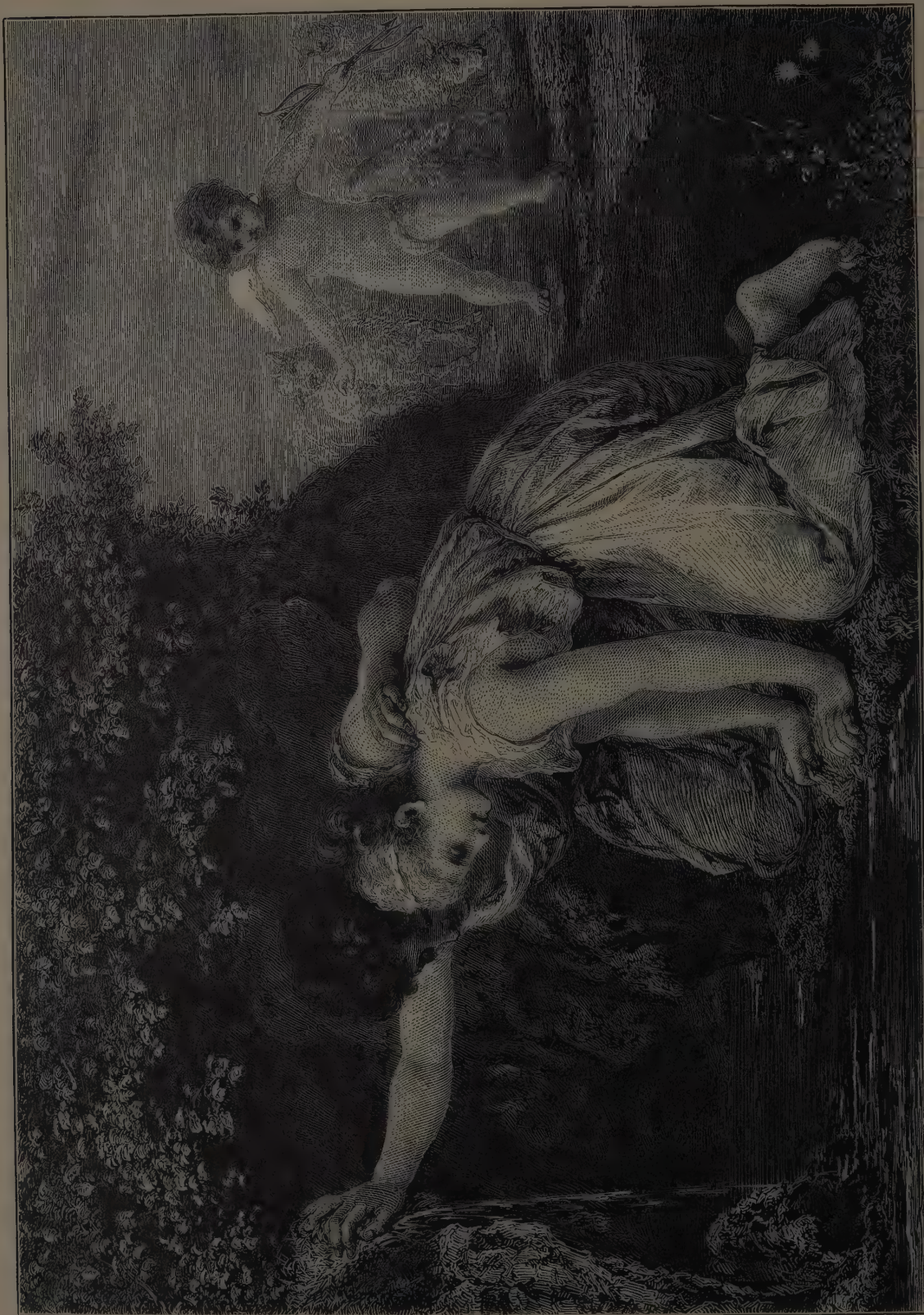
plants is hid, all they had to do was to apply the principle and not the actual forms.

Believing that the extent to which Japanese Art is indebted for its charm to these successful applications of Nature's processes designed to hide the existence of an orderly plan has never hitherto been appreciated, I will now show how Nature proceeds to effect the purpose which the Japanese, in humble imitation, have so lovingly and persistently kept before them and made their governing principle.

First as to symmetry; and as one example how this is preserved by Nature in flowers by a certain balance of corresponding but unlike parts, we may take, from the family of orchids, with all their quaint and fantastic developments, the *Odontata glossum Insleyi* (Fig. 1). We see in it an example of inequality and dissimilarity, both in the tigerlike markings and in the number and form of the component parts of the flower. The petals are two, and striped on each side with unequal lines and spots; the sepals are three, also unequally striped and spotted; and the lip forms a fourth unit, all arranged in a circle round the column, carpels, &c., in the centre of brightest golden hue, while the other parts are tints of yellow and brown. The symmetry is preserved by a balance of unequal parts and odd numbers.

(To be continued.)

* See "History of Architecture in all Countries." Chapter xii: "Imitation of Nature."



THE FOUNTAIN OF LOVE.

From a Painting by J. E. AUBERT.

THE FOUNTAIN OF LOVE.



OUR engraving, 'The Fountain of Love,' is after a painting by Jean Ernest Aubert, of Paris, one of the late Paul Delaroche's pupils, and an eminent master of the French school. Aubert is celebrated for the poetry of his subjects and the graceful style in which they are treated. A youth and maiden are kneeling at the edge of a fountain arm in arm, and gazing into its pearly depths. Cupid stands expectant behind them, as if to watch the effect of the revelation of love which the fountain prefigures ere he launches his dart. Aubert possesses a highly-poetic temperament, and this

part of his nature is apparent in all of his works. He composes his subjects prettily, draws well, and there is a sense of harmony expressed in his colouring which is not excelled in the works of any of his contemporaries. Critically, Aubert's sense of colour is stronger than his conception of form; hence he is seen at his best in these pleasant little love-stories, which have the dreamy suggestiveness of poetry. His 'Réveil,' in the *Salon* of 1873, was also a good example of his peculiar style. Aubert has always been a favourite artist with the collectors in this country, and many of his works are in our private galleries. 'The Fountain of Love' belongs to Mr. J. Abner Harper, of Harper & Brothers.

THE HOMES OF AMERICA.

"OLD MORRISANIA."

GOVERNEUR MORRIS was the *preux chevalier* of the Revolutionary period. We had striking and individual men at that epoch. Men made the times, and times made the men; both were extraordinary. Washington, Hamilton, Burr, Schuyler, Jay, Jefferson, and Morris, are all original, peculiar, individual men—"such as a nation needs, such as a nation breeds," in its

earlier throes; but amid them all, Morris stands out large, generous, gay, witty, with both popular and commanding talents, a man whom men respected and whom women admired. He went through life eating the sunny side of the peach, but not throwing away the stone, a remarkable mixture of self-indulgence and self-control, of warm blood and of cool brain, dashing, enterprising, and



"Old Morrisania," Morrisania.

lavish, but controlling all these sometime dangerous gifts with prudence and method, and with that admirable balance of all the qualities which we erroneously call *common-sense*.

Indeed, this was a strong and a gifted race. Governors, judges, and statesmen, the Morrisses were ever emulous of public service, men deeply penetrated with love of country, and bearing such weight in the community in which they lived that we find them

always in positions of trust—captains of thousands. Gouverneur Morris's father was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence—our American peerage! A curious instance of Toryism occurs, however, in this patriotic family: one son, Staats Long Morris, became an officer in the British Army and married the Duchess of Gordon, became a member of Parliament, and died in England.

"It is my desire," says Lewis Morris, in his will, "that my son,

Gouverneur Morris, may have the best education that is to be had in England or America." Like all distinguished men, young Morris had a wise mother; she sent him first to the house of a French teacher in New Rochelle, where he acquired early the language of which he was afterwards to make good use, then to Columbia College, then to the study of the law. Acuteness, skill in discussion, and power of argument, had always belonged to his family, but he had more genius, eloquence, and versatility, than any of them. He had, too, a practical mind, which he afterwards showed in his knowledge of affairs, and his success in making a fortune. In fact, Gouverneur Morris was a "new departure," a success, an original man.

Looking back from his life in Paris, it is a curious instance of "coming events casting their shadows before," that he wrote as his first essay in college a treatise on "Wit and Beauty."

The boy of sixteen was father to the man, who later on flirted learnedly with Madame de Staël, gaily with the Duchess of Orleans, and Madame de Chastellux, and who admired and pitied Marie Antoinette, and who was, it is whispered, a gay and favoured gallant at the court of Versailles.

He wrote also on "Love of Country," which was an absorbing and life-long passion with this generous man. He was to bear a bold, consistent, and distinguished part in our Revolutionary struggle, and his latest utterances are as patriotic as were his earlier ones.

At the age of eighteen the clever boy wrote anonymously, deprecating the evils of a paper currency as a mischievous pretence for putting off the day of payment—a pamphlet which would not be inappropriate to this enlightened age.

Three months before he was twenty years of age Gouverneur Morris was licensed to practise as attorney-at-law in the State of New York.

His aristocratic family connection, his good looks, his extraordinary and precocious talents, had all been fighting his battle for him, and he knew that he could step into a large practice at once, but his active spirit demanded a wider sphere.

Perhaps he thought, with Valentine, that "home-staying youths have ever homely wits." He longed to go to England, to form his mind and manners, as he says, on some worthy model. "Nothing is so dangerous," says this wise, witty, flattered boy—"nothing is



Entrance Hall, "Old Morrisania."

so dangerous as that vain self-sufficiency which arises from comparing ourselves with companions who are inferior to us." A boy of twenty who knew enough to say that was beyond being hurt by the fact itself. But his mother, his friends, and his small fortune, kept him at home for a few years. He went into his profession industriously, and worked hard.

Fortunately, he remained in this country, and was ready to be a member of the first Provincial Congress of New York, which was convened in 1775, and helped to build up that curious fabric, so strong, so weak, so vague, so peculiar, which we call the American Republic, which has been, in spite of its mistakes, so marvellously successful.

From that time forth, the history of Gouverneur Morris is the history of this country. The great friend of Washington, the industrious member of Congress, projecting Franklin's work in France, chairman of three committees for carrying on the war (the Commissary's, Quartermaster's, and Medical Department), he showed an industry which was superhuman, an unselfish patriotism which was noble, and an energy which was gigantic. He wrote essays on all subjects, particularly on the vexed and interesting questions of revenue and the currency; he worked hard at his profession for his support while in Congress; and he has left behind him records of a consistent, patient, and patriotic endeavour, which

would suffice to ennoble a life of eighty years, but which was but the prelude to his—in fact, all this was accomplished before he was twenty-eight years of age!

Then came an accident which would have crushed a less indomitable will. He was thrown from a carriage in Philadelphia, and broke his leg. His physicians advised immediate amputation. It was said later that this was a proof of the unskilful management, and the rashness of decision, of his attending physician. Be that as it may, he bore it with courage, elasticity, and cheerfulness. Perhaps he justly thought that Gouverneur Morris could go faster and better on one leg than most other men on two; his jollity did not desert him. A clergyman called on him to advise patience, telling him that perhaps this sad event might improve his character, and diminish the inducements to lead a gay life which otherwise surrounded him.

"My good sir," said Mr. Morris, "you argue the matter so handsomely, that I am almost induced to part with my other leg." A plain wooden leg was fitted to the stump, and carried this brave man through the rest of his life. He was tall and personable, proud of his remaining leg, which was very handsome, such a limb as Queen Bess is said to have admired among the ranks of her sturdy courtiers.

He went on working for his country, helping to organise com-

mittees in Congress, and writing out such sketches of the characters necessary to men who should fill the important offices of Minister of Finance, War, the Marine, and particularly of Foreign Affairs, that an incoming President could not do better than to read them now. He was assistant financier to Robert Morris, became commissioner for the exchange of prisoners, corresponded with Mr. Jay about French affairs; in fact, was everywhere, did everything that was patriotic and helpful, and finally visited Morrisania after the peace, for the first time in seven years.

He writes to his uncle that he drinks his health "in a bottle of Cape wine, which has stood on the shelf for twenty years." This estate of Morrisania later had claims for depredations committed by the British Army during the war. They were afterwards paid, to the amount of eight thousand pounds. It is amusing to read the particulars of those depredations now on that beautiful lawn,

consecrated to lawn-tennis, and, as the steamers sail by to sea, to think of Gouverneur Morris's first voyage, when he finally achieved his hoped-for intention of going to Europe in 1788, and endured a long and cheerless winter passage of forty days on the ship *Henrietta*.

He was freighted with letters from General Washington. The first two he presented were to Jefferson and to Lafayette; and some idea of the many-sidedness of Mr. Morris's gifts may be given by the fact that he records in his diary that one of Lafayette's little daughters sang for him, after dinner, a song of his own composition. When did this busy young American statesman find time to write songs?

He kept a diary of his life in Paris, which reads like an historical romance. From the immediate dash which he made into the very highest society one derives the most favourable impression of what



Reception Room, "Old Morrisania."

must have been his appearance and manners. He was not yet forty; he had made a splendid reputation at home; he was well introduced; but these great advantages would not have procured him the success which he achieved socially had he not possessed that magnetism which wins with a look and conquers with a smile. Through his long life he always received the admiration, respect, and confidence of women; and a sketch of his character by a French lady is so very clear and so beautiful that it deserves to be copied and read as a specimen of grateful eulogy.

He went out to the famous opening of the States-General at Versailles, which has been called "the first day of the Revolution." It is touching to read now the following extract from his journal, written on May 4, 1789:

"I cannot help feeling the mortification which the poor queen meets with, for I see only the *woman*, and it seems unmanly to treat a woman with unkindness. Madame de Chastellux tells me a sprightly reply of Madame Adelaide, the king's aunt, who, when the queen, in a fit of resentment, speaking of this nation, said,

"Ces indignes Français!" exclaimed, "Dites *indignés*, madame." Poor Marie Antoinette!

In 1792, Gouverneur Morris was appointed minister from the United States to the court of France, and added ambassadorial honours to those which he had won for himself.

It is really curious in looking over the full records of this illustrious man to observe the aid, pecuniary and otherwise, which he extended to distinguished persons. He lent money to Madame de Lafayette, to Louis Philippe, to the Duchess of Orleans, and to hundreds of others less distinguished. Among his papers are found to-day letters from many titled personages to whom he extended his always liberal hand.

Of his efforts for the escape of the king and queen, his noble care of the trusts committed to him by them, history is so full that it would be absurd to enter into the details here.

"Old Morrisania," the home purchased by Gouverneur Morris of his brothers in 1789, is situated on the Harlem River, just

where the East River joins it; and, although hidden from view by an island, the vexed waters of Hell Gate are nearly opposite. The peninsulas, bays, inlets, islands, peculiar to the junction of two rivers seeking the sea, the distant view of Long Island Sound—all go to make up a scene of tranquil and exquisite beauty.

Here, after pulling down the old house of his ancestors (for Morris has lived on this spot since 1673), he built in 1800 a sort of French château. It stands to-day, with some of the rooms as he left them, with much of the old furniture which he used in his rooms in the old French days, intact, one of the few historical houses in this land which is still, and which has been continuously, in the hands of the descendants of the original family.

The library is especially interesting. The floor is parquet, imported from France, and, dark and polished as it is, one wonders that a one-legged man did not find it slippery and dangerous, but

his long residence in France had made it easy for him to walk on slippery ground; he put parquet floors all through his house, having imported them. The desk at which he sat and wrote all his letters and despatches during the Reign of Terror is in this room. Here may be the secret drawer where he deposited the 748,000 livres which the poor weak king sent him, to aid in the *Monciel* scheme for the project of removing the royal family from Paris—money which did no good to the depositors, and which must have been an inconvenient charge to the minister. We find him later paying back the money left in his hands to the unhappy Duchess d'Angoulême, the daughter of Louis XVI.—she who bore in her sad face until death the marks of indelible grief. This fine old piece of furniture is of mahogany, dark with age, and is brass-bound. It bears marks upon it of having been in a royal house, and was possibly a present to Mr. Morris from some of the fami-



Library, "Old Morrisania."

ly whom he so well served. There are three or four other pieces of the same date and history, beautiful and historical bits. The old desk leads now a luxurious and tranquil existence in the midst of quiet domestic bliss, serving the lady of the house, silently, as she writes her graceful notes of invitation or of friendship, as it did her grandfather when he wrote letters of encouragement and helpful sympathy to a queen, besought Austria to relieve Lafayette from the horrors of Olmütz, defended himself against the intrigues of Tom Paine, corresponded with the Bishop d'Autun, Madame de Staël, or the Duchess of Orleans, wrote those rose-coloured epistles, no doubt, which belong to one side of the character of this pleasure-loving, gallant, gay man, who followed out Luther's motto amid his full career of usefulness; and where he recorded the sanguinary horrors of the French Revolution, until even his beloved journal had to be given up; and he wrote at this same desk these words: "The situation of things is such that, to continue this journal would compromise many people, unless I go on as I have done since the end of August, in which case it

must be insipid and useless. I prefer, therefore, the more simple measure of putting an end to it."

The library is wainscoted and ceiled with Dutch cherry panels, also imported, and was in the early days hung with superb white-and-gold tapestry, like Marie Antoinette's boudoir at Versailles—tapestry which has long ago succumbed to "Chronos' iron tooth."

It is a very interesting room; a deep bay-window commands the sunset, and modern taste has hung a Chinese lantern in the window, indicative of that march towards the East which humanity is always making. This lantern, with the prehistoric dragon, and the curious reversed perspective of the Chinese, the circled emblem of the serpent, with his tail in his mouth—all is suggestive of philosophical reflection; it seems to say: "So do we go back whence we came, nor pause except for a moment to think over even the French Revolution, but as one of the hideous and bloody tints which the monster shows as he slowly creeps away."

The reception-room, twenty-two by thirty, and fourteen feet high, is, again, a panelled room, with mirrors built into the wall in true

French style. Here stands a gilt sofa which might have come from Versailles—rumor has it that it was given by Marie Antoinette to Mr. Morris; chairs of the same set accompany it. It is re-covered with a modern tapestry, which records the taste, although it cannot equal the magnificence of white silk, embroidered in gold (with designs from Boucher), which originally covered it.

Now, the modern Eastlake judicious restorations have kept much that was good in this fine old room; have respected the memories of 1789; but have added the freshness, and safety, and comfort of to-day. Morrisania is very fortunate in its present ownership; the furniture, and tapestries, and bronzes, and china, do not miss the fairy fingers of a queen and her court, nor decay in uncongenial solitudes. These *meubles* play their part as well in the republican simplicity of our new land, as their owner once played his in the fastidious circles of an hereditary nobility. Like him, they are sincere—all that they pretend to be.

Of his house at *Sainport* in France, where he lived during his ambassadorship, and whither he had retired to escape the horrors of the Revolution, and the disorders of the capital, Morris writes this interesting description: "My prospect is rural, not extensive. At a mile and a half on the southwest are the ruins of baths which once belonged to the fair Gabrielle, favourite mistress of Henry IV., and at half of that distance, in the opposite direction, stands on a high plain the magnificent pavilion built by Bouret.

"Bouret is here called an *homme de finance*. He expended on that building and its gardens about half a million sterling, and, after squandering in the whole about two millions sterling, he put himself to death because he had nothing to live on. I think you will acknowledge that the objects just mentioned are well calculated to show the vanity of human pursuits and possessions."

Morris made no such mistake at Morrisania; his expenditures were judicious, within the means of a now ample fortune gained by his own intelligence and industry. His biographer says: "Nature had fully accomplished her part in affording him one of the finest sites in the world, embracing a beautiful variety of grounds; a prospect of intermingled islands and waters, and in the distance the long expanse of Long Island Sound. The plan of his house conformed to a French model, and, though spacious and well contrived, was suited rather for convenience and perhaps splendour within than for a show of architectural magnificence without." It should be observed that the house was afterwards very much improved by Mr. Morris's son, who succeeded him, and that its present appearance is much more picturesque than it was as Mr. Morris left it, when, according to a print in the possession of the family, it had a square and rather barren look.

From Morrisania, in 1807, he writes to Madame de Staël, who proposed visiting this country: "As soon as you arrive you will come to Morrisania, partake what our dairy affords, and refresh yourself. In the beginning of July you shall set out to visit your lands and the interior country, and return by the middle of September to repose after your fatigues, to gather peaches, take walks, make verses, romances; *in a word, to do what you please.*"

That last phrase shows that Morris was a model host; indeed, contemporaneous history speaks of the boundless and elegant hospitality of this house, a character which it has never lost for an hour since.

But, accepting a position as Senator of New York, he was obliged to leave his delightful American-French château, and to go to Washington.

He writes the following humorous accounts of life in our new capital in 1800 to his illustrious friend the Princess de la Tour and Taxis: "We want nothing here but houses, cellars, kitchens, well-informed men, amiable women, and other little trifles of this kind, to make our city perfect, for we can walk here as if in the fields and woods, and, considering the hard frost, the air of the city is very pure. I enjoy more of it than anybody else, for my room is filled with smoke whenever the door is shut. If, then, you are desirous of coming to live at Washington, in order to confirm you in so fine a project, I hasten to assure you that freestone is very abundant here, that excellent bricks can be burned here, that there

is no want of sites for magnificent hotels, that contemplated canals can bring a vast commerce to this place, that the wealth which is its natural consequence must attract the fine arts hither; in short, that it is the very best city in the world for a *future* residence. As, however, I am not one of those good people whom we call *posterity*, I should like very well to remove to old Ratisbon, because I should then have the happiness of seeing *you*, and of repeating to you with my own lips the assurances of my respect and attachment."

Could Gouverneur Morris see Washington to-day, he would find his prophecy fulfilled: it is now one of the very best cities in the world for a residence.

At Morrisania were received the French princes Louis Philippe and his brothers, whom the generous-hearted minister had helped with loans from his own private funds.

He was always lending and giving away money, but so good a manager was he that he had always plenty left. Every distinguished stranger who came to America was received at Morrisania. He writes to Madame de Damas (she who wrote so excellent a "character" of him) in 1809: "I can walk three leagues if the weather is fine and the road not rough. My employment is to labour for myself a little, for others more; to receive much company, and forget half those who come. I think of public affairs a little, read a little, play a little, and sleep a great deal. With good air, a good cook, fine water and wine, a good constitution, and a clear conscience, I descend gradually towards the grave, full of gratitude to the Giver of all good."

"A good cook" was ever a necessity with this man, who knew how to live; and we see in his dining-room at Morrisania full preparations for the great event of each day—dinner.

The dining-room is of a singular shape—a half octagon, panelled, like the rest of the house, in dark wood. It commands the beautiful prospect of river and sound of which we have spoken.

It is hung with family portraits, and possesses one of those records of his early Revolutionary experience in both countries—a *dumb waiter*, such as was placed near each guest, that the servants should not be admitted to overhear the conversation. At the age of sixty-four Mr. Morris married a lady with the beautiful name of Annie Carey Randolph, who became the mother of his only son, and in 1816 he died calmly, cheerfully, bravely as he had lived. His remains were interred on his own estate at Morrisania.

Just one hundred years ago, in 1777, Mr. Morris promulgated his grand idea of the practicability of connecting the great interior lakes with the Hudson; he proposed to "tap Lake Erie." His friends claim for him, and with great show of probability, the honourable title of "Father of the Erie Canal." During the last six years of his life his thoughts and time were incessantly occupied with this great work. "What he then prophesied has now become history;" surely a noble ending to a noble life."

The mansion at Morrisania to-day stands amid fine old trees; a circle of elms of great beauty and height forms an attractive group from the front entrance. Curious, gnarled, old cherry-trees produce excellent subjects for the pencil of the artist; a perfect lawn, green until snow covers it, surrounds the house. Tasteful verandahs break agreeably the monotony of its grey, time-honoured walls. The roof is improved by a turret which has been added since the death of Mr. Morris, but it still has its French look unimpaired.

Quaint, elegant, distinguished, hospitable, antique, and comfortable, it is all these, and more. Time, that unusual benefactor of American architecture, has been touching it up, and what painter can equal him? It seems, as it stands to-day, a fitting emanation of the mind of its distinguished owner and builder, full of present life, effort, work, and enjoyment, with a lookout for the future; no stagnant and selfish indolence could have built or kept such a house. The sunrise which greets it on the one side lights up days of thoughtful industry and of graceful accomplishments. The sunset which gilds it on the other illuminates the page which has borne but honourable records, and promises for the future "a deep dream of peace."

M. E. W. S.

SCENERY OF THE RHINE.*

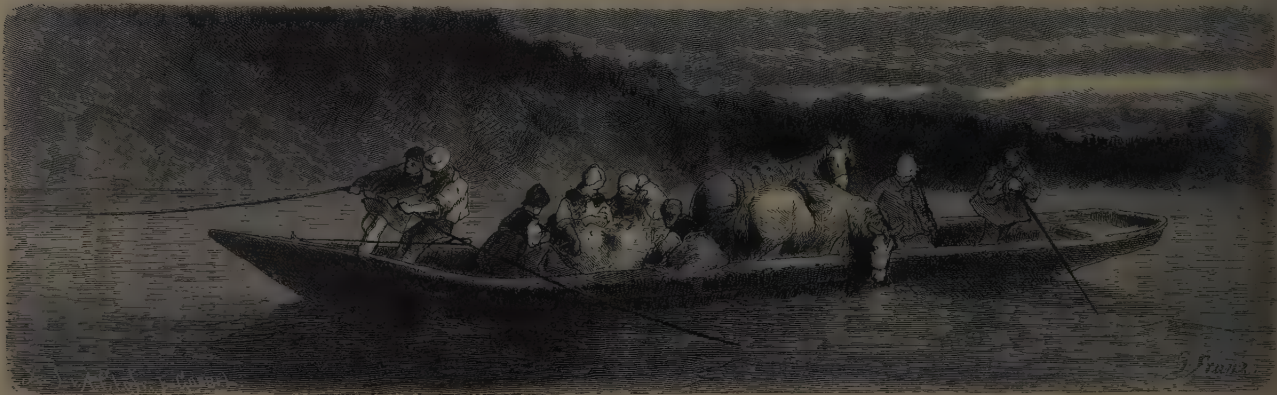
THERE is assuredly no river in the world which offers so wide and varied a field for the pencil of the artist as, and whose real and legendary history is fuller of dramatic interest than, the Rhine. From its rise among the Swiss Alps till it reaches the sea through the plains of Holland, there is scarcely a mile of its entire course that does not present some



A Glimpse of Bregenz.

feature of picturesque beauty or recall some story worthy of record. As the result of all this, the noble river attracts year by year multitudes of visitors from almost every part of the world,

to make themselves acquainted with scenes so conducive to individual enjoyment, and so intimately associated with the earliest annals of the great family of Europe. The landscape-painters of



Ferry over the Rhine at Ruthi.

every country have delighted to depict its numerous beauties,

* "The Rhine, from its Source to the Sea." Translated by G. C. T. Bartley from the German of Karl Steiler, H. Wachenhusen, and F. W. Hacklander. With Four Hundred and Twenty-five Illustrations. London, 1878.

but that these are far from being exhausted is evident to any one who turns over the leaves of the large and copiously illustrated volume now lying before us, and of the smaller woodcuts of which we give a few specimens, the size of our page not admitting

the introduction of the larger examples. The pictures are by no means limited to out-door and in-door subjects, but historical

events and "pictures of society" are abundantly mingled with others, and portraits of remarkable personages find a place



Cathedral Door, Basle.

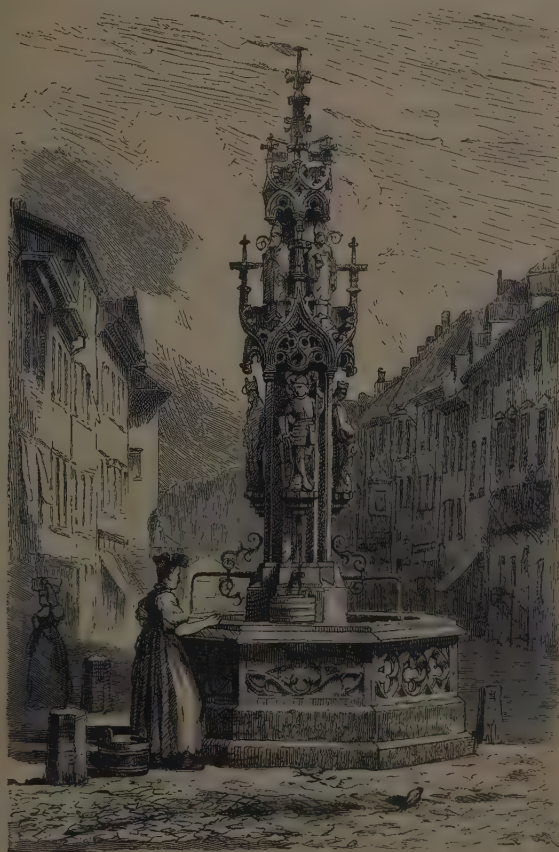
among them. In truth, nothing seems to be omitted that could help to develop the scenery and life of the Rhine. The illustra-

teristic of the German school. The text not only describes the places and objects represented, but it gives also much of their



Statue of Munatius Plancus, in the Town Hall, Basle.

tions are from the works of the most eminent German artists, and are principally engraved in the free and effective style charac-



Well in Freiburg.

past history. Of the thousands of our countrymen who have been "up the Rhine," few would not covet this volume.

THE LOTTA FOUNTAIN.

WE give here an illustration of the fountain erected in the city of San Francisco as a gift from Miss Lotta, the well-known actress. It consists of iron, painted to resemble bronze; it is

twenty-four feet high, resting on a granite base eight feet square. The first section has a drinking-basin on each face, and is ornamented at each corner with a lion's head. Over each basin is a



Lotta Fountain, San Francisco.

griffin's head, the water flowing from the mouth. The section above has on each face a brass medallion, on one of which is the inscription dedicating the fountain to the citizens of San Francisco, the other medallions having designs emblematic of Agriculture,

Mining, and Commerce. The shaft above the section is an elegant, fluted column supporting a neatly-shaped lantern, the whole being crowned by a stem bearing three lilies and small golden balls. The fountain is ornamental and of pleasing design.



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

ENGRAVED BY H. BALDING FROM THE STATUE BY M. NOBLE.

D. APPLETON & CO. NEW YORK.

OUR STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

RETURNING HOME.

(Frontispiece.)

TH. GÉRARD, Painter.

G. C. FINDEN, Engraver.



HIS picture was evidently painted as a companion to one belonging to Mr. Cottrill, of Singleton House, Manchester, engraved in 1872, which was called 'A Triumphal Procession.' In both pictures are precisely the same individuals and objects: the mother, the elder boy blowing his horn, the cart drawn by the same dog, and the two young children in the vehicle playing as they lie on the dried straw, or whatever else it might be; even the action of the elder child, as she tries to put the chaplet of wild flowers on the head of the younger, is as in the earlier work. The arrangement of the two groups differs somewhat, and the landscape is considerably varied, inasmuch as 'The Triumphal Procession' is passing through a rather hilly and barren country; here the labourer and her family are 'Returning Home,' after the day's work is done, through some cultivated tract of land, apparently more or less wooded.

The subject is unquestionably a favourite one with the artist, a very popular Belgian painter, who has shown great skill in the grouping of the figures, as well as in the drawing of them; he has also aimed at heightening the effect by a clever management of light and shade, which is, however, rather heavy so far as relates to the latter. A little more daylight thrown between the trunks and branches of the group of trees, and flickering on the ground, would relieve greatly the dark mass on the left of the composition: certainly some light should be cast on the dog, if only to connect the animal with the cart and its contents, and so to lead the eye up to the sunlit portion of the picture. The separation of light and shade throughout is too sudden.

THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

Sir E. LANDSEER, R.A., Painter.

C. G. LEWIS, Engraver.

A LINE from Payne's old, and at all times popular ballad—

"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home,"

Landseer gave as a title to this picture, when he exhibited it at the British Institution in 1842: the painting came into the possession

of the late Mr. Sheepshanks, and is now included in the collection at South Kensington. This little rough terrier has certainly been a prodigal, and after wandering from his home, and perhaps much irregular and precarious living, returns repentingly and thankfully to his old quarters—his home, humble enough, being an old barrel, with a couple of staves taken out for egress and ingress—to find his dish empty and broken, and a snail intruding itself upon his own domains, which seem the embodiment of canine solitude. It is difficult to describe in words the profoundly saddened and imploring expression with which the eyes of the dog are endowed; looking upward, he raises his head as if he would utter a cry of gratitude to find himself once more at home.

The picture has all the clever colouring and admirable expression of the artist in his best manner.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

Engraved by H. BALDING, from the Statue by M. NOBLE.

THIS right royal looking statue of Her Majesty—one of the most recent works of the late Matthew Noble—is placed in one of the corridors of St. Thomas's Hospital, on the Albert Embankment of the Thames. It is a gift to the institution from Sir John Musgrove, Bart., President of the Hospital, who commissioned the sculptor to execute the work in commemoration of the laying of the foundation-stone of the building—one of the most striking objects, we may observe, that adorn the Thames—and also as a memorial of the opening ceremony, at both of which the Queen officiated in person. The statue is life-size and in marble; and was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1874, before its removal to its present home, where unfortunately it is seen only in a very indifferently light, being placed in a kind of recess in the centre of the principal corridor, formed by a flight of wide steps leading to the upper wards. The only light it receives comes from the left of the spectator as he looks on the figure, which is very much in the dark.

The statue is designed majestically and boldly, rather than gracefully, in its lines; it is, however, executed with great care throughout, and shows Her Majesty, in regal costume and with the insignia of her imperial dignity, as "every inch a Queen."

AMERICAN ART IN PARIS.



THE interesting preliminaries of the great exhibition and of the coming *Salon* are now becoming strikingly apparent in the studios of Paris. Last month I gave some account of what certain French artists were doing, and shall now devote my pen to recording the achievements of some of the American painters.

In Mr. F. Bridgman's studio, his contribution to the coming *Salon* is at last unveiled to the public. It was shown to me in an unfinished state fully two months ago, but, in compliance with his energetically expressed desire, I made no mention of it at that time. Now, it is so nearly completed, a few of the architectural details alone remaining unfinished, that a full description of it is no longer an indiscretion. The picture, which is of large size, represents an Assyrian king slaying lions in the amphitheatre. His majesty, "an oiled and curled Assyrian," his long black hair and beard trained into spiral ringlets, wearing a lofty jewelled tiara, and many-coloured and gorgeous raiment, stands to the left of the foreground with a group of attendants behind him. He has just bent his bow, and is in the act of launching his shaft at a superb lion,

who has just been released from one of the two clumsy wooden cages dimly visible in the background, and who, with extended tail and lip upcurled in a portentous snarl, is evidently meditating an attack. Between the king and this new victim, the body of a huge lion, pierced with arrows, lies extended on the blood-stained sand. Behind the royal archer is clustered a group of attendants, all ready to interpose with spear and shield, should the arrow miss its aim. In the background rises the crowded amphitheatre, tier upon tier, filled with eager spectators, with a bevy of white-robed dames, evidently the ladies of the royal household, occupying the place of honour in the foreground. To the left, an open space, flanked by bronze statues of gods and goddesses, affords a glimpse of the deep azure sky of Asia. Notwithstanding the vivid tropical atmosphere and the gorgeous garments of the king and his courtiers, the general effect of this fine picture is equally devoid of gaudiness or of glare, the cool tones of the masonry and of the sand-strewn arena contrasting judiciously with the splendour of the costumes and with the general warmth and glow of the atmosphere and the accessories. In drawing and in general execution, the firm and practical hand of the master is everywhere visible.

The figure of the lion in particular is touched with great power, his action and expression being singularly characteristic and life-like. As was said by a French critic of the 'Funeral of a Mummy,' Gérôme himself might be proud to sign this page from the pencil of his pupil.

Very different in style is a smaller work, now also nearly completed, which forms one of the present attractions of Mr. Bridgman's studio. It represents an old-fashioned *diligence*, drawn by six horses, and entering a village at full gallop. The clear, bright sunshine of a morning in early summer illuminates the scene, and irradiates the whitewashed walls of the houses, the dusty road, the rapid motion of the horses, whom the driver is urging to the top of their speed. A gendarme lounging in a doorway looks listlessly at the swiftly-passing vehicle. Beside the driver sits a buxom peasant-lad, exchanging ideas with an older woman who is placed behind her. In the masterly reproduction of the vivid lustre of the morning sunlight, and in the blended breadth and finish of the execution, this admirable little painting recalls the handling of Meissonier.

It is with extreme pleasure that I record the marvellous progress made by Mr. Blashfield. His 'Visit to an Augur' was, it is true, one of the noteworthy pictures at the *Salon* of last year. But, from that work to his contribution for the present year, the upward leap is almost incredible. Though one of Bonnat's most enthusiastic pupils, his choice of subjects is more in the classic line affected by Gérôme. Thus, if Mr. Bridgman has become imbued with that master's passion for Oriental subjects, Mr. Blashfield represents the influence of another phase of his many-sided talent.

Our young artist's new work, a painting of large size and ambitious aim, represents the Emperor Commodus leaving the Colosseum after taking part in a gladiatorial contest. The scene represents one of the side-passages of the mighty amphitheatre. Magnificent in stature and in bearing, flushed with his easy victories (for his adversaries were never suffered to use any save blunted weapons), Commodus advances, superb beneath his golden laurel-wreath, and turning his handsome though animal-like countenance towards the spectator. He is costumed as Hercules, a character that he loved to assume, being frequently portrayed in marble as that hero. A lion-skin droops from his shoulders, and in one hand he bears the golden apple of the Hesperides, surmounted by a winged Victory, while in the other hand he holds a palm-branch. His broad chest is bare, and rich draperies glittering with gems encircle his waist, while his legs are protected by the leg-pieces of an armour of solid gold, the other pieces of which, namely, the helmet and shield, are carried by a slave behind him. This golden armour, which he always wore in his combats in the amphitheatre, was melted down by his successor. Beside the slave who carries this rich array, comes a handsome youth whose duty it is to personate Mercury, and to walk before the dead combatants as they are being borne from the arena; he has pushed back his mask with its winged cap, and shows a youthful and prepossessing countenance. Three or four gladiators in rich armour complete the group, conspicuous among which is the *retiarius* or netsman, with his trident in one hand and his net cast over his arm; a coarse-looking fellow is he, though gaily garbed and crowned with roses. Preceding the emperor walk ten young boys, bearing on their heads the baskets filled with gold coin intended for the payment of the gladiators; while farther on, beneath the shadow of the great doorway to the extreme left, a crowd presses after a huge wain, on which the bodies of the lions and tigers slain in the just-ended games are being borne away. In the background stretches transversely a section of the amphitheatre, with its front seats crowded with senators, the knights in the next row, while on the side towards the spectator is visible a group of the praetorian guards, all shouting applause and tossing garlands towards the imperial gladiator. He passes on unheeding, but one of his followers stoops to pick up a wreath which has fallen at his feet. A little beyond, a broken helmet lies upon the sand, with a crimson stain spreading ominously beside it; a crown of roses has fallen against this helmet, and the delicate petals of the flowers are tinged with blood. At the foot of the wall two white-robed priests wait beside a small altar for the emperor to cast a little incense in the flame; while, beneath the archway beside which the altar has been placed, an eager throng are shouting applause and waving their caps and handkerchiefs.

The care and elaborate preparation necessary for the production of this large and important work can well be imagined, since every detail of architecture, costume, and manners, has been minutely studied from the best authorities. And in the execution Mr. Blashfield has shown a firmness of handling and a vigorous mastery of his subject that have taken even the most partial of his critics by surprise. In drawing and in composition the work is alike admirable, while in colouring the prevailing tones are cool and delicate, without coldness, a warmth and richness of effect being imparted by the splendid accoutrements of the principal personages.

Mr. Blashfield has also nearly completed a smaller picture, representing a curious phase in the domestic life of ancient Rome—two patrician ladies taking a fencing-lesson, and wearing the defensive armour used in the arena. One of them vigorously attacks her adversary, whose gilded helmet has fallen to the floor, and who strives with uplifted sword to repel the assault. The fencing-master in the background looks on and beats time by clapping his hands. To the right a white-garbed slave supports the tottering steps of a chubby baby-boy, who is evidently in high glee at beholding the contest, and kicks up his heels in his excitement. The walls of the apartment are decorated in white and red, and a large plant in a vase shows its long, graceful leaves in the background—a novel and characteristic scene, very admirably painted.

Mr. Milne Ramsay's contribution for the *Salon* is also well under way. He has chosen as the subject of his picture 'Cromwell at the Bedside of his Dying Daughter, Elizabeth Claypole.' The Protector, clad in his customary garb of sober grey, sits upon the side of the bed, holding one slender hand of the invalid enfolded in his own, his sombre attire and massive head relieved against the crimson-velvet hangings and amber-satin coverlid of the great bed, which fills the centre of the picture. Propped up amid her lace-fringed pillows, the dying lady sleeps—her last earthly slumber evidently, as her pallid and wasted features, framed in long, falling tresses of golden hair, tell of the approach of death. The picture is very rich in colour, and all the appointments of the stately chamber are well and accurately delineated.

Mr. Edward Moran, since his arrival in Paris, has taken a new departure, and has abandoned the forest and the ocean for the human form divine. He now has upon his easel a full-length figure of a fisher-girl, going forth bare-limbed, with her net in her hand, to do battle with the waves. Another and more elaborate picture shows a group of fisher men and women on the wet, glistening sands at early morning, with their boats in the background. He has also in his studio a charming little study of a similar group against the golden glow of sunrise, the reflection of the light in the water being very admirably rendered. His contribution to the *Salon* will probably be a 'Storm in the Bay of Biscay,' now on view in his studio.

Mr. W. H. Lippincott, whose studies of child-life are so delicate and graceful, is at work on a large-sized picture, representing a party of roughly-clad little girls in the act of consuming a dole of bread at the door of some charitable refuge. This work, one of the most important that the young artist has as yet undertaken, will hardly be completed in time for the *Salon*, as the number of figures it contains and the difficulty of procuring good child-models necessarily retard the progress of the artist's pencil. Mr. Lippincott has recently done some excellent work in the way of portrait-painting, his studies of children in particular being highly characteristic, and admirable likenesses as well.

The works remaining in the studio of the lamented Wylie at the time of his death have recently been sent from Pont-Aven, where he had resided for several years, and are now on exhibition at the establishment of M. Goupil, on the Rue Chaptal. Besides a number of sketches, studies, and unfinished works in various stages of completion, there are two large pictures, so nearly finished that only a practised eye can detect wherein the last touches are lacking. One of these, intended for the *Salon* of last year, represents an episode in the war of La Vendée, the death of a Chouan. In the dusky shadows of a Gothic church lies the Breton peasant-soldier, wounded unto death, his face pallid beneath the falling masses of his straight black hair, his eyes fixed, his fingers contracted in the spasm of dissolution. Around him are grouped his comrades, a cluster of strong, characteristic faces, painted with Wylie's own vigour and genius-guided touch. Some look on with stolid indifference, others are deeply touched, while one young boy

regards the dying man with keen curiosity. A priest holds to the sufferer's lips the consecrated wafer, while his wife, kneeling beside him with one hand veiling her eyes, holds up before him a crucifix. A group of women in the foreground, shrinking away in terror, is wonderfully painted. In the background at one side is visible the form of a wounded republican soldier. It is hardly possible to speak in terms of too high praise of this noble work, which is undoubtedly one of the finest historical pictures from the pencil of an American that has ever been on view in Paris. Those among the great French artists who have seen it have been loud in their praise. It ought to be purchased for some one of our American Art-institutions, the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia, for instance, since the dead artist was a Philadelphian.

The other large work represents a group of Breton fishermen telling the story of their perils to a cluster of peasant-women beside a vast old fireplace piled with blazing logs. Among the smaller pictures, one represents a peasant-mother turning her head over her shoulder to meet the kiss of her little child; the pose of her hands folded in her lap is marvellously natural and unforced. The colouring of this picture is remarkable for its

warmth and richness. Then there is a group of peasant-boys teaching a patient old dog to stand on his hind-legs and to hold a trumpet in his mouth; an old woman telling a tragic story to a startled-looking party of young girls; two peasant-maidens in a studio investigating a picture, and two or three life-sized heads of wonderful strength of execution. Nor does this brief list give all the finished pictures that are on view, while as to the sketches, studies, and unfinished works, their name is legion, showing how untiring was the busy hand so untimely stayed by the cold clutch of death.

The characteristic of Wylie's genius was strength. The slightest sketch from his pencil shows a vigorous and intelligent grasp of the subject. His personages live; they are individual human beings and not conventional ideals or dressed-up models. He transferred to canvas the life that was around him—the Breton peasant, the fisher-women, the sturdy toilers of the sea and of the shore. His colouring and style were all his own. His was the originality of genius, and in his untimely death American Art has sustained a well-nigh irreparable loss.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

THE AMERICAN WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.



It is, we think, apparent to any one interested in the development of American Art that the eleventh exhibition of the Water-Colour Society marks an era in its history, and has a decided significance. In view of the discussion, periodically revived, as to the functions and limitations of water-colour painting, the commentary now afforded is, to say the least of it, striking. There is to us an unquestionable mistake committed by those artists who strive to make water-colours usurp the functions of oils, and are not content with the legitimate results obtainable from *aquarelles*. Their mistake should be rendered very palpable to them, and the scales fall from their eyes, when they look at the contributions of such men as Mr. Swain Gifford, Mr. Wyant, and Mr. Eakins, to the present exhibition. In mentioning these three names no invidious distinctions are intended. Other artists are represented by good work; and, since the true province of criticism is to point out the best, and only incidentally discover blemishes and obstructing elements, we trust to do them justice: but these three artists are typical of a principle, and, as we think, prove our case. It can hardly be questioned that water-colour painting is in its sphere every whit as earnest as oil-painting, but it has its very well-defined limitations, and the painters above mentioned illustrate its scope.

Having said so much, we may turn to consider this exhibition more categorically, and at the outset it may be said that the hanging-committee has done its work faithfully and well, even though exception might be taken to the positions accorded to a few works.

In the north room hang a number of large works by those artists who have come to be regarded as the main props of the Water-Colour Society, and who feel themselves bound, it would appear, to excel at least in quantity. Mr. W. T. Richards contributes a transcript of 'Paradise Rocks,' near Newport (5), which has more breadth than his ordinary work, with a truth of local colour and a well-rendered distance, but we find a want of meaning and sympathy in it. As a work of Art we much prefer the same artist's 'Almy's Pond' (410), which hangs in the corridor. Mr. A. F. Bellows, again, displays some thoroughly pleasing qualities in his 'New England Homestead' (36), which is permeated by a harmonious, quiescent sentiment, but it is overwrought, lacks both freedom and precision, and oversteps the proper limitations of water-colour. We hardly see why Mr. Bellows will not consent to do such work as his 'Study from Nature' (97) and, in a less degree, his 'English Wayside Inn' (48) prove him capable of. Mr. Wyant has fallen into a similar error in his largest example, 'Reminiscence of the Connecticut' (43), but in his smaller contributions he more than retrieves himself, and honestly recants. The large

work has, undoubtedly, a poetry and a landscape meaning such as all this artist's work possesses. The relation and subtlety of tone are admirable, but these qualities are better exemplified by 'An Adirondack Lake-Scene' (86). 'Mountains in Kerry' (434) and 'Landscape' (140) are, however, the pictures by Mr. Wyant on which we rest our argument. There are a freedom, a sweetness, a purity in them which are to be felt as Nature's, and have her genuine charm; and often, in looking at these and similar works, Rossetti's lines are recalled to us, descriptive of—

" . . . a covert place
Where you might think to find a din
Of doubtful talk . . . and old dew,
And your own footsteps meeting you."

Mr. Samuel Colman's 'Cathedral of Quimper, Brittany' (57) is excellent as a piece of decorative work, and the figures in the street are well grouped. We could wish that the architectural feeling in the upper portion of the main edifice were more adequately expressed. The same artist's 'Study from Nature' (188) and 'In the Meadows, Connecticut' (276) are freer and smack less of mannerism. They, too, possess that sentiment of Nature which, to our mind, has infinitely more value than the expression of mere decorative effect—a sentiment which R. M. Shurtleff conveys very truly in his contributions this year. His 'Quiet Morning' (54), 'September' (56), and 'October' (58), do not merely indicate decided progress on the artist's part, but prove in addition an absolute Art-value, 'September' especially being very tender and charming.

Mr. Louis C. Tiffany has, like Mr. Colman, a leaning towards architectural subjects. His 'Market-Day by the Cathedral-Steps in Brittany' (179) is a vigorous drawing with a strong sky, quite satisfying in architectural treatment and excellent in colour. To our thinking it is ahead of his 'Visit to the Cobblers of Boufarik, Algiers' (145), a subject more suitable for treatment in oil-colours. The suggestion of barbaric character is very good, however, and Mr. Tiffany contrives to lay on the opaque colour with fine effect.

In looking at Mr. Farrer's 'Quiet Pool' (130), which is his best work, we regret that its true feeling is marred by a linear precision and lack of breadth which weaken its sentiment to us. Its colour and relation are, nevertheless, harmonious and sweet.

The west room contains those pictures of Mr. R. Swain Gifford's of which it would be difficult to speak too highly. 'The Home of the Gulls' (209), 'The Shore of Nonquitt, Massachusetts' (243), and 'The Salt-Vats at Dartmouth, Massachusetts' (258), especially the last mentioned, are strong, free, and broad in painting, with a thorough atmospheric motion and healthy breath. Preferring these works as we do to the same artist's 'Venice' (17), in the

north room, we may yet congratulate him on his unconventional treatment of the lagoon, accustomed as we are to have it invariably enveloped in a hot, sultry atmosphere much more meretricious than honest. Mr. Gifford has escaped the rut, given us translucent water, fine colour, and yet we are not uncomfortably oppressed and hot.

Two small landscapes, by N. Stacquet (110 and 116), the latter a snow-scene, have doubtless caught the eye of artists, and will hold it. They are so exquisitely suggestive and so full of sentient charm, that again and again we turn to them for relief. Between them hangs 'A Canal in Holland' (113), by Priquereau, also very good in its purity and transparency, although we do not esteem it as highly as the broadly-handled and effective marine by P. I. Clays, in the north room. These suggest Arthur Quartley's 'Pushing off the Seine-Boats, Long Island Shore' (133), which is breezy and strong.

Mr. Hopkinson Smith is seen at his strongest in charcoal, in which he excels, but his 'Looking seaward' (180) is a well-balanced composition, and not devoid of landscape meaning, with perchance a slight want of aerial feeling. His 'Old Smithy' (90) is likewise a good example, vigorous, broad, and picturesque, although the artist runs the risk of diffusiveness by working over such large surfaces. Mr. H. W. Robbins is represented by 'A New England Homestead,' the crisp rendering of foliage in which is admirable; and we would be fain not to omit mention of Mr. Harry Fenn's 'Lower Soko, Tangiers, Morocco' (63), admirable in its tone of colour and aerial lightness, or of Mr. Sartain's 'Canal in Venice' (16), a well-drawn and charming study, the water in which might be more transparent. Two transcripts of studio-interiors—those of Berne-Hellecour and J. G. Vibert—are very interesting in more ways than one. The painter is M. D. Bourgoïn, and the lavish and prodigal colour and component appointments of these studios are excellently rendered, if not always pleasant, though one of them, that of Berne-Hellecour, is strangely out of drawing. The treatment of this class of subject, however interesting and decorative, is not, to our thinking, high Art.

Let us turn now immediately to the examples of figure-painting which the exhibition affords. Mr. William Magrath is recognised as one of our leading men in this department, and his contributions to the Water-Colour Society have always been considerable. His 'Gathering Kelp' is a finished and forcible portrait of an Irish girl, full of character and sweet in colour. We prefer it to the same artist's 'Spring' (114), which has a certain weakness about the eyes, although in tone and sentiment it is capital. Mr. Magrath's 'Gardener,' a small cabinet, is also fine, and, with two other sheep-pictures by him, exemplifies a free, loose rendering of foliage; but his *chef-d'œuvre* is 'On the Threshold,' charming in colour, beautifully drawn and expressive, while the landscape seen through the open cabin-door is well composed. Mr. Magrath has a leaning to over-elaboration, which we sometimes feel may detract from his strength, but this picture shows that force and finish are not incompatible.

Some of the most remarkable figures in the collection are those of Mr. Thomas Eakins, whose 'Study of Negroes' (92) must arrest attention alike by its drawing, colour, and typical quality. Its action is finely rendered, and its individuality so marked that we believe its painter to have great possibilities before him. Two other and smaller works, 'Fifty Years ago' (186) and 'Seventy Years ago' (237), are in like way fine, the latter especially proving that delicacy does not of necessity mean weakness. Here is a work whose texture, tone, shadows, folds, and sentiment, are all well rendered, while near it hangs Mr. A. A. Anderson's 'Garden-Scene in Seville' (221), so crude and coarse in colour that it is most hurtful to the eye, a glaring fault also exemplified in the same artist's 'Bazaar' (271). Brilliancy need not imply discord.

Mr. E. A. Abbey's 'Rose in October' (12) strikes us somewhat in the light of an affectation, and is not taking either in treatment or type. It is not at all equal to his much less ambitious but much better 'Study' (74), which possesses true quality.

Tofano's 'Reverie' (252) is rather conventional in idea, and leans to that licentiousness of colour now in vogue. Still there is a certain sweetness in the face, which Mr. E. K. Johnson fails of obtaining in his 'New Ring' (242), which is not up to the standard of his last year's contribution.

A noteworthy picture, exceedingly striking and realistic, if some-

what unworthy in motive, is 'The Ballet,' by Degas, a leader among the French "impressionists" in Art. A small figure, 'The Colour-Bearer' (274), by Detaille, is a sample of what we get here as his characteristic work, whereas we have a right to demand from an artist of his standing something beyond the mere skilful rendering of a figure as such.

Mr. Ivan P. Pranishnikoff has three very clever works in this exhibition. His 'Birthday' is full of nerve and action, and beautifully drawn, even if a little harsh in colour, while 'Our Special Correspondent' is exquisite, reminding one of Detaille in quality and finish, but not in the least striking one as an imitation. The hand of the correspondent conveys the feeling of numbness very subtly, and the snow-clad landscape is clear and beautiful. Mr. George Gibson's 'Waiting for the Carriage' and 'Grandmother's Legacy' are pleasing in colour and idea.

These, with a strong sketch of 'A Huguenot,' by Tomasi, a 'Figure,' by Begnani, and quite a number of figure-pictures by Mr. Satterlee, one of which, 'Old Ballads' (149), marks an advance on his part, almost complete the list of what specially calls for comment so far as water-colours proper are concerned. We have one point, however, to notice, and that is the peculiar adaptability of water-colours to the painting of flowers, leafage, and birds. Miss Fidelia Bridges, Miss Teresa Hegg, W. H. Willcox, and a number of others, illustrate this fact on the Academy walls. Freshness and purity belong in a high degree to *aquarelles*, and, while for more important and suggestive work we prefer oils, as possessing more permanent and liberal qualities, we desire to see water-colours used for the subtle and delicate purposes to which they may be legitimately applied. Artists, we think, are coming to see that there is a "thus far and no farther," and this present exhibition proves the fact.

The room devoted to black and white, *i. e.*, crayon, charcoal, pencil-drawings, etchings, engraving, and works of a similar kind, is this year replete with interest, and, with one or two notably excellent exceptions, much more equal in its entirety than the rest of the exhibition. In the field of etching, which, it would seem, will no longer be permitted to lie comparatively fallow, the chief contributors are Mr. Swain Gifford, Mr. C. H. Miller, Mr. P. Moran, Mr. Farrer, and Mr. J. D. Smillie.

If these gentlemen will allow the suggestion, we think they might all be struck by the virile, artistic, and unlaboured character of Mr. Whistler's work, which is simply above criticism, and also by examples of Mr. Seymour Haden, whose etching after Turner's 'Calais Pier' (463), as well as his smaller contributions, is opulent and liberal in suggestion of colour and strength. The great and manifest troubles with our etchers are an indecision and a lack of that individuality and freedom which constitute the value of this kind of work. There is strong evidence of a careful study of Ap-pian, Jacque and others on the part of our artists, which, provided they do not remain in the rut, may not prove hurtful to them eventually, but which renders their present attempts inconsistent with one another, and expressive of no individual character.

The perfect yet unlaboured drawing of men like Detaille, Knaus, and Vibert, is worthy of careful study on the part of many of our native artists. Mr. C. S. Reinhart contributes a duplex black and white, 'Noon and Midnight' (474), the midnight half of which is strong and well rendered, if somewhat unpleasant in sentiment; and Mr. Abbey also has one or two expressive, though, in details, crude figure-pieces. Of the engraving after John La Farge, by Henry Marsh (504), it can only be said that we do not know whether to admire most the strong typical and artistic meaning of the figures and the excellent technical skill manifested on the artist's part, or the very faithful and craftsmanlike rendering of the engraver. Another reproduction of the same artist's work is also fine; the butterflies are beautiful, and the subtle meaning of this piece of decorative drawing, 'Sounds of Sorrow,' brought out effectually.

Four head-studies from life, apparently in pencil, by Richard Gross, have a power and mastery over outline drawing that must attract attention, and evidence a strong ability of characterisation. One or two black-and-white drawings, by J. Kelly, are among the most effective of native works in the collection. 'Measuring at the Roll-way' (568) is a capital translation of action, and has about it a breadth and suggestion so often the main desideratum in this species of work, and the same may be said for 'The First Stroke'

(462). Many of the drawings are sweet and pleasant, but simply deficient in the main requisites of works of art and faltering in execution. This does not apply to Mr. Hopkinson Smith's charcoals, which are admirable—the more so that their artist ranks as an amateur—and assert their power and equality even from the altitude to which most of them have been raised. They display on Mr. Smith's part a sincere feeling for Nature and a comprehension of variety in landscape, which in other parts of the exhibition is not seldom conspicuous by its absence. 'Bald-Mountain Rocks' (476), 'A Mountain Pasture' (482), and 'Among the Leaves' (483), are all distinct in character. The first mentioned of these is the most complete as a composition by reason of its simplicity; the second named has a deficiency of colour, which suggests winter; and the latter might be improved by a closer study of tree-form. It is easy,

however, to discover flaws, and Mr. Smith's love for Art will probably lead him onward.

In alluding to specific examples, we would like to call attention to Mr. Swain Gifford's "First Impressions of Etching of Zinc Plate of Picture 'Lagoon of Venice'" (47), which, to our mind, had better remain in that state, as it has a simplicity and force which elaboration would probably efface. Mr. Reinhart's little 'Why am I not beautiful?' (545), and Mr. Dielman's head, are two of the best specimens of this work, the first in its simple conciseness, the latter in its indication of texture. A more extended study of the exhibition might reveal other excellences, but, if we have indicated some points that may prove profitable, or act as stimulants to study, we have done all that we could hope to achieve at this time.

JOHN MORAN.

ART AT THE CROYDON CONGRESS.

EVEN the commonplace town of Croydon was attractive on the bright winter mornings of the Church Congress week, and in spite of the ugliness of the Congress Hall. The Ecclesiastical Exhibition, held in a skating rink, was scarcely a good representation of that branch of Art in England, although it contained many beautiful objects. Numerous examples of good brass work were shown. A copy, made for the Duke of Bedford, of the great eagle once at Newstead, now in Southwell Minster, attracted much attention. This ancient eagle, with its strange unfledged form and grotesque head, has been faithfully reproduced; but had the artist lived some centuries later, when designers were more skilled in representing animals, he would surely not have been satisfied without conveying a more dignified idea of the royal bird who was to bear the Book of Books upon his wings. There were several eagles in brass and oak exhibited. A brass one, designed for Chester, is a beautiful bird, though treated in a simple and early style; the rest of the lectern is too florid and ornamental; the figures also do not seem to suit the eagle in style.

Ecclesiastical embroidery was represented by several vestments and altar-cloths; but the sisterhoods did not exhibit, nor did a firm of decorators who might have sent good specimens, and from whom I heard they "did not care to have their things copied;" a curious objection, which might prove a hindrance, if often brought forward, to the improvement of Art by exhibition. The richest altar-cloth was one from Flanders, embroidered, I was told, by men. The ground is of crimson damask, the sprays and patterns are in dull rich green and gold thread. The English altar-cloths were rather ordinary, and not the best that our Art can show. There were numbers of embroidered bags, and several stoles; also many specimens of very beautiful embroidery on fine linen, some in white, and some in geometrical patterns of red, worked in chainstitch with very fine thread. The church vestment stalls had hung up a sort of portrait gallery to illustrate various styles: here were Laud, Cardinal Wolsey, and Bishop Wilberforce in all the dignity of his robes.

On the opposite side of the building were some specimens of ancient embroidery. A set of narrow worn mats had been used for kneeling in the church at Catworth, Huntingdonshire. They were for sale, to help towards the restoration of the church, and it is thought that they may have been made from ancient vestments. A figure of a king or saint appears on each, and on some is a shield with a coat of arms. The work is very delicate and fine, and though faded the colours are easily to be distinguished; they contrasted strongly with the gay tints of a piece of nun's embroidery close by, where the figures are as gaudy as dyes and gilded thread can make them.

The school of church embroidery, Wimbledon, sent a curious hunting scene, said to have been worked by a daughter of Charles I. Glass painting was to be studied in varied styles;

Hardman's great window for S. Neot's, which gained a medal at Philadelphia, was hung in such a bad light the general effect could not be seen. In a recess with a better light was a small east window designed by Mr. Seddon. In consequence of limited space it had to be hung in two pieces, and so near the ground that it was not easy to judge of the effect of the very rich and fine colouring when in its proper place in a chancel. It is a remarkable window, with intense but harmonious colouring, and none of the gaudy tinting so often seen in brightly-coloured modern glass. There is scarcely any painting on the glass, but the picture is formed of coloured pieces of glass only, as in a mosaic. The design in itself is beautiful: the upper part represents the Adoration, and the group of the Virgin and Child is treated in a rather unusual manner; the Infant is held aloft in his mother's arms, and his hands are outstretched as on the cross. The three lower lights represent our Lord bearing the cross, S. Anne and S. Mary. But the window is not likely to be generally admired; the figures are small, and broken up into fragments by the profuse introduction of lead. Let us imitate as far as possible the quality of the blue and ruby glass made by the early glass painters, but why should we not make use of our superior means of producing pieces of a larger size? Here, for instance, we have a robe of one shade cut up into little pieces and put together again with heavy leading; and in small faces the line round the hair is very disfiguring. But this window is true glass painting, and it answers its purpose in that it is transparent.

Between the divisions of Mr. Seddon's window was hung one which might be called a thoroughly pretty window, and it is a good window also. The tone is very quiet, with pale yellow and white ground; the design is after Albert Dürer. The lead work of this window is a contrast to that of its mediæval neighbour; the figures are of large size, but the crowned head of the Virgin, and the head and shoulders of the Child on her knee, are all in one piece of glass. It is a window that most people would look at with pleasure, and almost without criticism. Close by was a cartoon for a window, by Mayer, of Munich; not a pleasing design, and containing a large space of checked pavement in very indifferent perspective. The Bohemian windows in the roof of a part of the building had a vulgar look and appeared to be what are called "transparencies."

In one corner of the Exhibition was a stall that called itself "Art needlework," but had too evidently nothing to do with the School of Art embroidery: its favourite colour seemed to be orange, and its principal feature a dreadful owl upon a banner-screen in the worst style of fancy work. How it got into an ecclesiastical exhibition it is difficult to say. Some good specimens of mosaic were shown, and models of fonts; also many objects connected with funerals.

A VISITOR.

NOTES.

COTTIER'S ART-ROOMS.—Messrs. Cottier and Company's Art-Rooms on Fifth Avenue have received an accession of pictures noble beyond any similar collection in this country. Works by Dupré, Corot, Rousseau, Diaz, Michel, Troyon, Jacque, Mauve, Bosboom, Roybet, Monticelli, Stacquet, and other modern foreign artists, are on public exhibition; and some of these works are fully representative specimens of their several masters. The Dupré is the very best Dupré that we remember to have seen, and it deservedly occupies a room by itself. It is magical and wonderful in colour, and absolutely delicious in sentiment. To recognise and to appreciate the spirit and the method of this piece of painting would be to show one's self conversant with the true aims of landscape Art; to study and to master the processes of its production would be an Art-education in itself. A more characteristic and important Corot than the 'Orphée' in the Cottier collection probably does not exist. It presents that great poet in the triumph of his inspiration. We wonder whether a single member of that school or clique of artists which is in the habit of sneering at what Mr. Alfred Dawson calls "the daubing and impudent Corot kind" could look at it for a moment without beseeching the gods to forgive his misunderstanding and his slandering of the glorious Frenchman. The Messrs. Cottier have other examples also of this painter. The 'Orphée' has already been in their rooms well-nigh a twelvemonth. Diaz appears, not at his decorative best, but nevertheless to good advantage. The true glory of this artist is the opulence and happiness of his sunshine. Dupré himself was among the first to perceive this distinguishing excellence in his friend, and, when Diaz died, it was Dupré who said of him that his death had taken from the sun one of its brightest rays. Like Dupré, and like Millet, too, Diaz was enamoured of the Forest of Fontainebleau; and the painting in the Cottier collection gives us a glimpse of that beloved forest—of it alone, without a shred or fleck of sky; of it with all its mystery and poetry and peace. Whether or not Diaz was the first painter to trust himself with the delineation of a skyless landscape is a simple and not very interesting question of historic fact. Charles Blanc asserts the affirmative, and doubtless he is correct in the assertion. This much, however, is certain: that no artist before Diaz, and surely none since his lamented departure, has penetrated as far as he did into the secrets of forest interiors, or recorded so faithfully and alluringly the results of his researches. Even the rotten old trunk of a tree, when he shows it to us and talks about it, becomes beautiful beyond a cedar of Lebanon. The Rousseau will be, to most Americans, at least, a surprising revelation. We venture the opinion that even Constable, from whom Rousseau learned so much, would stand before it in loving veneration. The Millet, entitled 'Delilah and Samson,' is a figure-piece which can tell a good many figure-painters just how far removed an artistic figure-painting is from a coloured photograph. Indeed, it can give this information as fully, as impressively, and, we were about to say, as clearly, as any work that we at this moment recall. It can give it as clearly, too, to all the children of light. The Monticelli is an example of an artist not nearly so well known in this country as he should be. Its scene is from 'Don Quixote,' and its value is in the wealth of its not faultlessly arranged pigments—a wealth which is a feast for the eyes and the imagination. The Michel is bold, cold perhaps, but vigorous to masterfulness—requiring, however, a certain unusual predisposition on the part of a spectator who is to sympathise with its motive. The large Mauve is simpler and more straightforward, and at the same time better drawn, than an ordinary Schreyer. A water-colour by Stacquet has all the sweetness and more than the strength of an Edouard Frère. The worth of such an exhibition of pictures to artists and to students is obvious. A word of mention is due to Mr. Olin L. Warner's piece of sculpture, the only American work in a collection where poor work has neither part nor lot.

CURRENT OPINION ON LANDSCAPES AND WATER-COLOURS is becoming more intelligent. The conception of landscape, says an English critic, has entirely changed of late by reason of the growth of the scientific spirit. Nobody now considers the materials of a scene in Nature to be mere hap-hazard agglomerations; nobody thinks of mountains as having no particular shape, or of trees as spreading at will, or of streams as widening or narrowing by chance. Every detail in a landscape is recognised as being where it is and what it is, because there and thus it is fitted to its surroundings. The presence of law is seen everywhere; and for every phenomenon there is found a "must have been." Accordingly, the modern painter studies a landscape as he would a human face, feeling that in each lineament is something to be pondered and learned, the landscape not less than the human face containing the ineffaceable

records of its history and origin—records that cannot be changed without the loss of all that renders it most interesting. . . . Another English critic directs attention to Gainsborough's landscapes, which, he thinks, might serve as pleasant correctives to some of our modern painters who above all things aim at realism. The landscape-painter's object, he insists, is, or should be, to be truthful without being wearisome or unbeautiful. Photographic accuracy is doubtless at the basis of the follies of the "impressionist" school, which carries out to absurdity the theory that an artist should strive to fix on his canvas the general sensation of beauty conveyed to him by a natural scene. . . . The general public does not understand Turner's landscapes. The majority of the visitors to the late Grosvenor Gallery exhibition in London are said to have admired everything except Turner, and "him they either despise, ridicule, or condemn, and very frequently all three." Nevertheless, the true greatness of this master is now more widely than ever before acknowledged and heralded by the profounder students of Art, and the best of his landscapes are often proclaimed to be the best in the world. . . . Is body-colour desirable in a water-colour painting? A correspondent of the London *Times* thinks that the question is of vital importance, and hopes that year by year we may see "a growing increase" of water-colour drawings made solely in transparent colour. The use of opaque colour destroys the aptitude and power to obtain the higher qualities of the Art. "I believe it to be impossible to exaggerate the charm of pure water-colour as a means of artistic expression. Many of Nature's loveliest phases, especially those where atmospheric effects are the leading feature, are rendered far better by it than by any other *modus operandi*. The mere material seems delightfully void of all materiality. That *crux* of a painter in oil which daily vexes his soul, namely, the endeavour to get rid of a painty look in his work, and the difficulty, as Sir Joshua says, of 'finding the means by which the end is obtained,' never troubles the water-colour painter; but the moment he does despite to the purity of the material in which he is privileged to work by defiling it with opaque colour, then, in an instant, all its peculiar charm vanishes." Mr. Collingwood Smith writes to the same journal in praise of the permanency and unrivalled brilliancy of the body-colour called Chinese white, referring the reader to the extensive use of this pigment (which is whiter than snow) by Dr. Harding, William Hunt, J. Nash, F. Taylor, and Cattermole. He is fully persuaded, however, as to the superiority of drawings in transparent colour. "The transparent element in water-colour art must be," he says, "its chief claim to admiration." In this he is not mistaken.

THE AMERICAN ART ASSOCIATION.—During the month of March the American Art Association, a new organisation of artists, will hold its first annual exhibition in the Kurtz Gallery, New York. The Association was formed on the 29th of October last, in order to give young Americans who have been studying Art in Europe, and have thus submitted themselves to the influence of its latest methods and triumphs, an opportunity to display their works to advantage. A law, passed last summer by the Academy of Design, provided that in all future exhibitions under the control of that body, eight feet of the line should be reserved for each Academician. The younger artists immediately took the alarm, and sought shelter in a home of their own, notwithstanding the announcement that the odious law had been repealed. They wish to have more elbow-room, and some of them certainly are not particularly impressed by the productions of some of the Academicians. They believe that a withdrawal from the Academy exhibition is really in the interest of Art. The members of the Association, thus far elected, are Walter Shirlaw, Augustus St. Gaudens, Frederick Dielman, Louis C. Tiffany, Wyatt Eaton, Homer Martin, John La Farge, Samuel Colman, Alden Weir, Thomas Moran, William Sartain, Francis Lathrop, Olin L. Warner, R. Swain Gifford, and Helena De Kay Gilder.

Unusual facilities have been extended to American artists now studying in Europe. A Paris committee, consisting of Messrs. Bridgman, Henry Bacon, Sargent, St. Gaudens, and S. A. D. Volk, has been appointed to pass judgment upon all works painted abroad, and intended for this exhibition. Whatever works are accepted by it will be accepted by the hanging-committee in this country, and the authors of those works will run no risk of having them rejected on arriving here. It is believed that these contributions will be many, and unusually attractive. The Association professes to entertain the kindest feelings towards the National Academy of Design. Several Academicians have been invited to contribute examples to the exhibition; and several members of the Association are also Academicians. The general purpose of the Association is to promote the welfare of Art in America. Its members claim to

be thoroughly American in spirit, and to have an unbounded appreciation of the future in store for Art in this country. They desire to avail themselves of the freshest and most approved means of Art-culture, and, to this end, most, if not all them, have studied in the leading schools of France and Germany. They have a sincere veneration for the oldest of the old masters, and one plan of theirs is, as we have said elsewhere, to gather a comprehensive collection of photographs of the best works of those masters. They revere also such painters as Rousseau, and Corot, and Dupré, and Diaz, and Michel, and Daubigny, and Millet, and Jules Breton, and Gabriel Max, and Munkacsy, and other luminaries of these latter days, and they really entertain quite a hatred of mere portraiture in landscape and in figure painting. They propose to be studious and to become learned, sympathising with that fine saying of Landseer (whom, by-the-way, they do not at all worship), "I wish to die as I have lived, a student, with my brush in my hand." They intend to encourage women in Art-work, as the Italian women were encouraged in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, if so be that our age too may have its Mariettas and its Fontanas, holding that the creative faculty in woman is not lacking, albeit in most cases dormant. Above all, they believe not in copying the productions of their teachers, nor (what is worse) in copying the productions of themselves, but in going, with their learning, direct to Nature, so that, as Goethe says, beautiful ideas shall present themselves before them, like Godsend, and call out to them, "Here we are!"

THE NEW HALL OF MODERN SCULPTURE in the Louvre is opened at last. . . . The great Belgian competitive exhibition known as "The Concours de Rome" will begin on the 1st of April next in the Royal Academy of the Fine Arts in Antwerp. A pension of five thousand francs for four years is to be awarded to the successful artist, who will be expected to use the money in pursuing his studies in the best European schools. . . . The excavations lately made in the Roman Forum will be renewed in accordance with orders from the Italian Minister of Public Instruction, and will be extended as far as the Arch of Titus and the Palace of the Cæsars. . . . The importance of collecting and preserving monuments of antiquity in the places where they were found seems to have impressed itself upon the Italian Government; and it is reported that the old plan of transferring these excavated treasures to large cities, where they are classified according to artistic worth without regard to their origin or to their use for the historian of the development of Art, has at length been abandoned. . . . The famous photographer, M. Adolphe Braun, of Dornach, France, who devoted his life to the reproduction of drawings and studies by the old masters, and who greatly improved the process of photography, is dead. A large and invaluable collection of his photographs is in the British Museum. The most intelligent students in America fully appreciate the service of photography to Art, and are desirous of establishing permanent collections of photographs of the great Art-treasures stored in the European galleries. This is one of the principal objects contemplated by the recently-formed American Art Association in the city of New York. . . . A short and interesting biography of the late Albert Henschel, whose "Sketch-Book" made his name a household word in Europe, has been published in Berne. The artist is known extensively in this country by prints of his sketches. He was born in Frankfurt, and was a pupil of Professor Becker. The streets were his studio. On the cover of each part of his "Skizzenbuch" he wrote the motto, "No day without a line" (*Kein Tag ohne Linie*). Ten thousand copies of the first publication of the volume in the winter of 1871 were sold immediately, and the next year photographs of his sketches were "circulated by thousands over land and sea, and reproduced (not always with exact faithfulness) on earthenware, ribbons, tobacco-pipes, paper-knives, and on nearly every article of the small ornamental furniture of modern life." He acted upon the principle that the thing which particularly arrested his attention was the thing that he ought to draw. . . . Has an artist a right to sell sketches or studies of beautiful women whose portraits he has painted to order for their husbands or friends? The French painter Ingres twenty-five years ago painted for her husband a portrait of the beautiful Madame Moitessier, and left to his heirs the preliminary drawings made for that work. These drawings having been offered by them at public sale, M. Moitessier protested against the proceeding, and took it into the courts, where it was decided that "sketches, studies, and drawings, made by an artist before painting a portrait, constitute a peculiar sort of artistic property that cannot be exhibited or sold without the authority of those interested." This decision will be of interest to artists everywhere, and also to many of their patrons. . . . At recent sales in the Hôtel Drouot in Paris, Corot's 'Pond edged with Trees' brought 2,700 francs; Diaz's 'Path in the Forest,' 3,950 francs; his 'Clump of Trees near a Lake,' 3,050 francs; his 'Study of Beeches,' 3,530 francs; Troyon's 'Flock of Sheep in Repose,' 2,300 francs; Fromentin's 'Simoon,' 7,000 francs; and Delacroix's 'George Sand,' 8,000 francs. . . . The new catalogue

of the Louvre does not give general satisfaction. Mr. Edward Hall writes to the London *Athenæum* that the work is confused and ill-conceived in design, slovenly in the carrying out, and destitute of much valuable matter which the old catalogue contained. "A catalogue of a national gallery," he continues, "being intended for the use of students and the laity, cannot help being in some sense a compromise. In the first place, the general public is to be considered; for it, a description of the subject is wanted, and a short biography of the painter and notice of his schools are desirable. For the Art-student such biography is unnecessary; but, added to the description of the subject he requires that of the scheme of colour and *technique*, the condition of the picture, and a notice of all known restorations or repaintings, whether performed in the gallery or previously; the size and date; if the picture is not dated, the opinion of the best judges on that point; mention of the collections it has passed through, and the price realised on each occasion; by whom engraved, and references to the various works of Art in which it is mentioned, together with recent references to discoveries which may have appeared in Art-periodicals." But in the Louvre catalogue the descriptions and biographies are unnecessarily short, and so is the historical matter; while "of the information above specified, universally recognised as indispensable, the majority of the subjects are absolutely ignored. True we have a list, not always complete, of the principal works of the painters, but this is of very subordinate importance. To the student they would be supposed to be known; they take up space which might be more usefully occupied, and do not add to the picture for the layman. Considering the position held by the Louvre, it will be deplorable if this catalogue is allowed to remain." . . . Dr. Schliemann's Hissarlik treasures are now on exhibition in the South Kensington Museum in London. The results of his excavations at Mycenæ are still at Athens. . . . Arrangements are perfecting for an International Exhibition at Melbourne, Australia, in 1879. . . . M. Taine is lecturing every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon at two o'clock in Paris on the philosophy and history of Art. His special subject this year is Venetian painting. The lectures are for men, and are free. . . . The restoration of the Louvre is at length finished, and the colonnade has been divested of the scaffolding that has so long disfigured it. . . . Excavations at Olympia are still prosecuted with vigour. Among the latest discoveries is the Philippeion, or memorial erected by Philip of Macedon after the battle of Chaeronea in honour of his victory over the combined forces of the Athenians and Bœotians. . . . Mr. Whistler's libel-suit against Mr. Ruskin, which was reported to have been withdrawn over a friendly cup of tea in Venice, is now said to be in course of prosecution to the bitterest end.

BOSTON.—The first exhibition of the Boston Art Club for the season of 1878 was opened on the evening of January 16th, with the usual reception given by the members to their friends. The walls of the exhibition-rooms displayed much variety, both in subjects and excellence of conception and treatment. The exhibition was not, on the whole, however, so notable for good pictures and striking subjects as were several of last year's exhibitions. The pictures contributed by local talent were for the most part from the younger artists: the best canvases, and those which attracted the most attention, were from foreign brushes. The subjects of the foreign pictures were better chosen and better handled. There was a fine landscape of the old Marseilles harbour, by Ziém, very rich and warm in tone, and a quaint, realistic rural scene, by Schreyer. A striking and graceful but not very impressive figure-piece, by Carl Becker, entitled 'A Venetian Lady,' occupied a prominent place, and was chiefly interesting by reason of the skilful handling of the draperies. Among other foreign pictures, were a landscape, with cattle, by Zugel; a strong, vigorous picture of a 'Tyrolese Hunter,' by Defegger; summer landscapes, by Cæsar de Cock; 'Too Early to rise,' by Munkacsy, a good specimen of the Munich school; and a fancy sketch, called 'Satisfaction,' by Coomans. The contributions of local artists, while not presenting the usual variety, or any one or two canvases of marked superiority, were in many instances interesting and worthy of observation and study. There was a fine, rich "interior," by Alfred Copeland, entitled 'Interior of Grand Palace, Antwerp;' Mr. Phelps added a landscape and cattle scene, full of vigour and boldness of treatment. Mr. Grant's picture of a scene in the olden time gave evidence of a decided progress in this young artist, who shows promise of a creditable artistic future. It was soft, harmonious, and betrayed no straining after brilliant or eccentric effect, a fault that besets many young artists of the day. 'A Cloudy Morning, Mount Lafayette,' gave a title to one of Mr. John R. Key's graphic contrasts of cloud and foliage; Enneking also displayed a cloud-landscape, entitled 'A Cloudy Day in Bergtesgaden, Bavaria.' Among other local artists creditably represented were Messrs. Albert Thompson and Cole, Misses Agnes Brown, May Alcott, and Baker, Messrs. J. M. Stone, Seavey, Rogers, Inness, Oudinot, Ordway, and Champney. The exhibition remained open for several

weeks. . . . Aside from the Art Club Exhibition, a number of pictures were displayed during the month at the various galleries. Among them were works of Georges Becker (a female head), a collection of John R. Key's paintings, some delightful English water-color views, by Voten and Henry Newman; a view of Pleasant Valley (described by Whittier), by Miss E. M. Carpenter; 'Apollo skinning a Satyr,' by the old Spanish artist Ribera; a view of Etter Park, Colorado, by Bierstadt; a portrait of Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis, by Healey; some of Inness's lovely little landscapes, and a 'Harvest-Scene in Louisiana,' by Julio, a vivid representation of a Southern plantation. . . . Walter Brackett exhibited in his studio his last and perhaps best picture, 'After the Battle.'

SCHAUS'S ART-GALLERY.—Mr. Schaus has recently imported several fine engravings and water-colours. 'The Roll-Call,' by Miss Elizabeth Thompson (now Mrs. Butler), which was so successfully exhibited in the London Royal Academy in 1874, has been engraved by Mr. Stacpoole, who, "by express permission," dedicates his work to Queen Victoria, the owner of the original. The London *Times's* description of it is as follows: "The sergeant is passing along the thinned ranks, roll in hand. Beside him rides the mounted field-officer, his charger, like himself, besmirched with the dirt and dust of a hard day's work, with a look in which the sternness of command struggles with the concern of a good soldier, as he notes the ravage of battle in the ranks. Among the men, all ages are represented, from the bronzed and battle-hardened veteran to the boy-recruit. Some bind up wounds not severe enough to take them to the rear; one who has miscalculated his strength, or whose death-wound has been concealed or overlooked, has fallen in his place, and lies prone, dead or in a swoon. A raw young soldier is overcome by the shock of this sudden fall, and leans his face on his musket, all but fainting. A harder comrade claps him on the shoulder encouragingly. All these heads without any grimace or exaggeration have well-distinguished character and expression, and one reads them with interest." Mr. Stacpoole has been successful in preserving the diversity and attractiveness of the soldiers' faces, and his reproduction will find friends among the admirers of one of the most famous war-pictures of the day. G. B. O'Neill's 'Driving a Pair,' the pair being a bright girl and boy in a wheelbarrow, and the driver an old gardener holding the handles, has been engraved by W. H. Simmons. 'Looking out for a Safe Investment'—two Scotch lads returning from school, and loitering in front of the window of a toy-shop—is engraved also by Mr. Simmons after Erskine A. Nicol's well-known painting. A fourth engraving is after Compté-Calix's 'Pas le plus Petit Frère,' which represents two children among the cabbages in a garden, trying to find a baby-brother in accordance with the pretty French teaching that each latest accession to a family is brought in from under one of those vegetables. These diligent little seekers have turned over four or five cabbages without finding anything, and are now sprawled on the ground peering eagerly under another one. A couple of water-colour sketches by Edouard Frère are firmer in touch than is sometimes the case with this deservedly popular painter, and display in a high degree that honest sweetness and delicacy of conception which characterise his peasant-children. One of the delineations is of two little ones at home, and the other of a party of boys sliding on the ice. The atmospheric effects in the latter work are of a sort entirely safe when confided to the tender care of water-colours.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY WINTER EXHIBITION.—The latest annual winter exhibition of works by old masters and dead British painters in the London Royal Academy was larger though not better than usual. It contained among other pictures nearly three hundred and fifty engravings after Reynolds, Romney, and Gainsborough, together with about three hundred oil-paintings. The *Athenæum* adjudges it "on the whole the least interesting of the series of winter exhibitions with which the Academy has charmed and instructed the public. One distinguishing feature, however, is an interesting collection of fifty-seven landscapes and views by the painters who, transplanting to Norfolk the motives of the seventeenth century, and importing the skill of the later Dutchmen Van der Neer, Hobbema, Cuyp, and their fellows, formed what is called the Norwich school, and consisted of artists very distinct from Constable, their contemporary, and Gainsborough, their predecessor, both East Anglians, and still further removed from Wilson who died, an aged man, while John Crome the elder was yet a child. In borrowing pictures the Academy has difficulties to contend with, which can be better understood than explained, and for which everybody must make allowance, but we hope we shall not be considered ungrateful if we say that one-third of the East Anglian pictures add nothing to the value of the other two-thirds." John Crome, James Stark, J. S. Cotman, George Vincent, George Chambers, and David Cox, were more or less adequately

represented. The *Academy*, too, thinks that the exhibition scarcely produced the impression made by its predecessors: "After the splendid profusion of the last eight years, and with whole galleries besides of the scale of the Althorp and the Stanstead galleries on public view at South Kensington, it would seem no wonder if the exhibition had run low. As long as we know, however, that if all owners and trustees were as generous as a few, there would be provision enough, without repetition, for years to come—as long as we can think, as each returning exhibition constrains us to think, of the still unbroached treasures of Bridgewater House and Blenheim, Petworth and Panshanger, Wilton and Castle Howard, of the Novar collection, and many famous galleries besides—so long it is impossible to be resigned under the prospect of an exhaustion of materials. Let us hope that before long the opening up of some or other of these great treasure-houses may give us exhibitions of the splendour and abundance of the first."

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—The fifty-third Annual Exhibition of the National Academy of Design will begin on Tuesday, April 2nd, and will end on Saturday, June 1st. Original paintings, sketches, sculptures, engravings, and architectural designs or models never publicly exhibited in New York or Brooklyn, will be eligible for admission, provided that the authors of them are living. Pictures and frames must be sent together, and frames may be enclosed in neat edgings of walnut or other dark wood not exceeding half an inch in thickness, and not extending more than one inch on each side of a frame, nor projecting more than a quarter of an inch beyond the depth of a frame. Artist-exhibitors will be allowed to varnish their paintings on Saturday, March 30th, from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. A commission of ten per centum will be charged for sales, but no work will be sold by the person in attendance in the galleries, unless its price has been stated to the hanging-committee. If no objection is made in writing, the price of each work will be printed in the catalogue. No work can be withdrawn before the close of the exhibition, and every work received at the Academy will remain at the risk of its owner. The illustrated catalogue published last year by the Academy will doubtless be renewed this year. Its pictures were photo-engravings from pen-and-ink sketches made in most instances by the painters themselves, and thus admirably fitted to reproduce the spirit of the originals, and to convey to persons unable to visit the exhibition some idea of what was to be seen there, besides serving subsequently as pleasant reminders to visitors themselves. The process of illustrating is of the simplest possible kind where a *fac-simile* is desired, and the illustrations met with immediate and pronounced success. The credit of first adopting it for the adornment and illumination of a catalogue of a public exhibition of pictures is due to the American Water-Colour Society, which this year also has made use of it for a similar purpose.

A PORTFOLIO OF TWENTY-FIVE ETCHINGS, after some principal paintings by Fromentin, accompanied by a biography of the artist by M. Burty, has been published in Paris. Arab horsemen and horses, African water-drawers and camels, a mosque, a centaur, and some cattle, are among the representations. "The grace and strength of the figures," exclaims a London writer, "the firm seat of the men in the saddle, the absolute knowledge of human and animal anatomy which such a collection of designs as this displays, might well be the despair of an artist trained in the slipshod English schools. We cannot imagine a better lesson to a young painter than the study of such a conscientious, virile art as Fromentin's, stripped, as here, of its outer attractions of colour and finish, and appealing to the eye solely through its force and truth." . . . Some very interesting *fac-similes* of designs by Raphael in the Museum of Lille, France, were published in the January number of the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*. The price of each monthly number of this periodical in Paris is still ten francs.

THE PHILADELPHIA SOCIETY OF ARTISTS.—An association has been formed by some Philadelphia artists who desire to sell their own pictures without the interposition of middle-men. It proposes to establish a permanent exhibition of pictures in a central and eligible place, and to receive directly from the studios the freshest results of the best workmen in the city. All contributions must be good enough to pass the gantlet of a committee appointed for the purpose of examining into their merits. In time the association hopes to extend the range of its operations, and to make its gallery the residence of the best specimens of contemporaneous American art. The American Art Association in New York, and kindred associations throughout the country, will be communicated with, to the end that pictures may be exchanged. Still further, American artists studying in Europe will be invited to send works thither.

THE ART JOURNAL ADVERTISER.

NEW YORK, MARCH, 1878.

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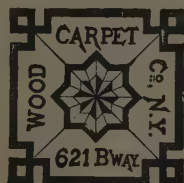
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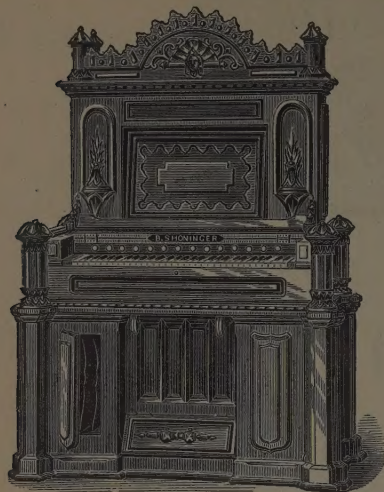
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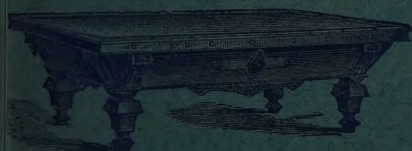
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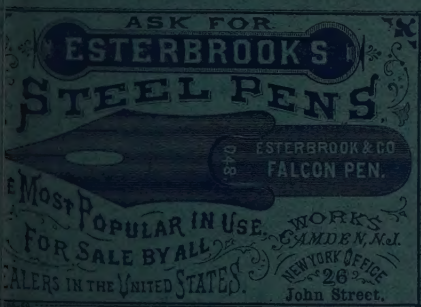
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Premiums received and deferred.....	\$6,232,394 70		
Less deferred premiums January 1, 1877.....	432,695 40	\$5,799,699 30	
Interest received and accrued.....	2,168,015 85		
Less accrued January 1, 1877.....	300,558 68	1,867,457 17	7,667,156 47
			\$40,398,054 03

DISBURSEMENT ACCOUNT.

Losses by death, including additions.....	\$1,638,128 39		
Endowments matured and discounted.....	185,160 12		
Life annuities and reinsurance.....	194,318 86		
Dividends and returned premiums on cancelled policies.....	2,421,847 36		
Commissions, brokerages, agency expenses, and physicians' fees.....	531,526 03		
Taxes, office and law expenses, salaries, advertising, printing, etc.....	501,025 90		
Reduction of premiums on United States stocks.....	\$211,112 72		
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Contingent fund to cover any depreciation in value of real estate.....	250,000 00	473,142 72	5,945,149 38
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ASSETS.

Cash in bank, on hand, and in transit; since received.....	\$1,216,301 61		
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Real estate.....	3,350,268 07		
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Agents' balances.....	56,945 97		
Accrued interest on investments to January 1, 1878.....	315,895 35		
			\$34,452,905 22

* A detailed schedule of these items will accompany the usual annual report filed with the Insurance Department of the State of New York.

Excess of market value of securities over cost.....504,345 04

CASH ASSETS, January 1, 1878.....\$84,957,250 92

Appropriated as follows:			
Adjusted losses, due subsequent to January 1, 1878.....	\$348,069 48		
Reported losses, awaiting proof, etc.....	112,897 84		
Reserved for reinsurance on existing policies; participating insurance at 4 per cent., Carlisle, net premium; non-participating at 5 per cent., Carlisle, net premium.....	31,022,405 99		
Reserved for contingent liabilities to Tontine Dividend Fund, over and above a 4 per cent. reserve on existing policies of that class.....	792,302 22		
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Divisible surplus at 4 per cent.....\$2,664,144 49

Surplus, estimated by the New York State standard at 4 per cent. over.....6,000,000 00

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Number of policies in force January 1, 1876.....	44,661	Amount at risk January 1, 1876.....	\$126,132,119
Number of policies in force January 1, 1877.....	45,421	Amount at risk January 1, 1877.....	127,748,473
Number of policies in force January 1, 1878.....	45,605	Amount at risk January 1, 1878.....	127,901,887
Divisible surplus at 4 per cent. January 1, 1876.....	\$2,499,656		
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